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PREDICTIONS OF THE END OF THE WORLD.

It is a good remark of Dr. Jortin in his Ecclesiastical History,—and it is frequently suggested to every attentive reader of the Evangelists,—that our Saviour, “while he was a most assiduous teacher of useful religious knowledge, invariably discouraged and disappointed questions of mere curiosity.” Accordingly, when after his resurrection, amidst their reviving hopes of temporal distinctions, his disciples asked him, whether he would at that time restore the kingdom to Israel? and when Peter inquired, how long his fellow-disciple should live? or when on yet another occasion he was asked, are there few that be saved? his answers were,—“it is not for you to know the times and seasons;”—“what is that to thee?” And he invariably directed the inquirer to his own personal duty;—“Follow thou me;” “strive ye to enter in at the strait gate.” But when the lawyer inquired, “what shall I do to inherit eternal life?” when indeed any subject was proposed pertaining to man’s virtue or the world’s salvation, then with the wisdom and kindness worthy of him who came that the world through him might be saved, he gave the most explicit and satisfactory answers. At the same time knowing, as he did, what was in man—the strong propensity in his nature to anticipate the future, and as if effectually to repress an idle curiosity upon an event, to prepare for which is every man’s duty, but the time of which is hidden with God, he uttered those remarkable words,—“Of that day and of that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels that are in

heaven, neither the Son, but the Father;" a declaration the more memorable, when we consider the clearness and distinctness with which he foretold many other events, as the denial of Peter, the treachery of Judas, and above all, the destruction of Jerusalem.

It may be observed of the event in question, that while in common with the whole Christian doctrine of the future and immortal life, of which it is a part, it is clearly revealed, the period, manner, circumstance are left in absolute uncertainty. As no man can tell the day of his death, so the world is not to be told the time of its termination; and all attempts to ascertain it serve but to expose the delusion and presumption of their authors.

Yet the history of the Church, and even that of our own times, abounds with such examples. Notwithstanding the uncertainty in which it has pleased God to leave the precise period of this event, there have never been wanting from the first those who have undertaken to declare it. Partly from the obscurity inseparable from prophecy, subjecting it therefore to various and uncertain interpretation; partly from that tendency in our nature, to which we have just adverted, of speculating concerning the future; from the passion in some for the marvellous or the astounding, and the vanity of others to proclaim it; to which we must add a love of power, combined with baser motives, prompting men to assume the office of the prophet, scarce any age of the church has been without its prediction, that the end of the world is at hand.

The Apostles themselves and first followers of Jesus seem to have misapprehended their Master's instructions upon this subject. The Epistles of Paul contain expressions, that cannot easily be interpreted without supposing his near expectation of that day. Nor was it till his misapprehension was corrected, and he had learned the injurious effect it had produced upon the minds of some of his friends, that he wrote to guard them against it.* "We beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means, for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed." He then proceeds to predict events, which have already required centuries for the fulfil-

* 2 Thessalonians ii. 1—4.

ment of a part, and other parts of which remain to be accomplished in generations yet to come. So fallacious and groundless was the expectation of their accomplishment within the century in which they were uttered.

As delusions of the same nature are at intervals revived,* and even at the present and among ourselves some curiosity, not without alarm, has been awakened, it may not be wholly useless or uninteresting to advert to a few among the many predictions, that in successive periods have been made, and totally failed, of the time of the end of the world.

One of the controversies, which most divided the church in the third century, was precisely that which has been recently revived—that of the Millenium. We learn, that much before this period the opinion prevailed, that Christ was to come and reign a thousand years among men before the final dissolution of the world. It required the genius and authority of Origen to resist the infatuation that possessed multitudes through the belief that it was near at hand, and the progress of which was not finally arrested until Dionysius of Alexandria, a disciple of Origen, wrote for the purpose two learned and judicious dissertations on the divine promises.

Augustin, Bishop of Hippo, who flourished about the middle of the fourth century, whose genius and learning were far in advance of his judgement, declared in his celebrated work, "*De Civitate Dei*," that the year 395, (though he afterwards found reason to postpone it for more than an hundred years after,) was the time of the end of the world. Both these periods however have passed, with nearly fourteen centuries besides,—and all things remain.

Other predictions to the same purpose were uttered in the sixth, and yet more distinctly in the ninth century. But it appears, that in A. D. 1105 so general was the expectation of the consummation of all things, that even two Councils, with all the weight of their learning and Decrees, were unable to tranquillize the fears of the people. In 1335 an Italian priest alarmed all Italy by proclaiming, that the end of the world was to come in that year. One Arnold, a Spanish monk, wrought like effects by a like fanaticism only ten years after. And still again, in 1403, when that former generation with their credulity and their fears had but just passed away, and the succeeding might

* See Mosheim, Vol. I., and Jortin's Remarks.

have learned wisdom, (if mankind would but learn wisdom from the past,) an absurd personage, by the name of Vincent Farrier,* a hermit, revived the same delusion: and though it issued like all the former, it was yet again renewed and found converts within ten years after.

Passing some intermediate absurdities, which sported their hour and were forgotten, we learn from the author of a late excellent work on astronomy,† that the appearance of a comet in 1456 spread a wider terror than was ever known before. The belief was very general throughout Italy, that this comet would destroy the earth; and that the judgement of the great day was nigh. "At that time," says the author, "the Romish Church held unbounded sway over the consciences and fortunes, and even lives of men. The churches and convents were crowded with all classes for the confession of sins; and wealth in profusion, the offerings of a terrified people, was poured into the ecclesiastical treasury. The Pope (Calixtus III.) ordered the church bells to be rung daily at noon, which was the origin of that practice, so common to this day in Catholic churches. After some months, the comet disappeared from those eyes in which it had found but little favour; joy and tranquillity were restored to the faithful subjects of the Pope; but not so the money or the lands, they had bestowed in the paroxysm of their fears."

Even to this day there are monasteries in Sicily, and those parts of Italy where the effects of the eruptions of Mount Etna and Vesuvius are most apparent, which hold in quiet possession valuable lands, bequeathed some three, and some four hundred years ago, under the excitements and fears of the people. In several instances the preamble to the deed expresses the motives for the grant, ("Forasmuch as the great day of judgement," or in others, "as the end of the world is nigh;"‡) and these deeds remain to this day, the monuments of the public delusion.

* Dr. Jortin, whose playful wit adorned his various learning, in adverting to a later period, celebrates for the same merits a "certain ridiculous blockhead, by the name of Ben-Gorion."—See his *Charge on the Use of Ecclesiastical History*.

† See *Geography of the Heavens*, p. 246.

‡ "Appropinquante magno judicii die," or "appropinquante mundi termino."—See *Lyell's Geology*, Vol. I. p. 243.

In Germany, one of the earliest of the Reformers, a friend and fellow-labourer of Luther, Michael Stiefel, "eminent for his genius and learning, particularly in the mathematics, which he applied to the interpretation of prophecy, kindled a flame among his people of Holzendorf and its vicinity, by announcing that the day of judgement was at hand. Partly by a calculation of the squares of some numbers, which he imagined he had found in the Scriptures; partly by the easy method of translating certain important words of the New Testament numerically, in which he has been followed with singular success by many more recent theologians, and partly by twenty other arguments, which an unbelieving age has suffered to be forgotten, he at last discovered a short time only before the decisive moment, that the final end of all things would happen on Monday, the third of October, 1533, at 8 o'clock, A. M."* He hastened to communicate his discovery to Luther, from whom he anticipated a hearty concurrence. But the sturdy Reformer, who never suffered his imagination to lead astray his judgement, was not satisfied with his friend's interpretation of the Revelation, and took pains to persuade him, that he was not the prophet he imagined. But Stiefel, like other enthusiasts, was not to be dissuaded from what his heart believed. Though he was arrested at Wittemberg as a disturber of the peace, and was released only on the promise of preaching no more such distempered doctrines, he had no sooner returned to Holzendorf than he renewed his predictions, and exhorted his people to prepare for the judgement-day. Great multitudes were assembled at his summons in the church on the morning designated, to whom he administered the sacrament, and announced with a prophetic confidence, that the hour had come. But it passed, and his prophecy was unfulfilled. The people, who had waited in hunger and fear, were both mortified and enraged at finding themselves deceived. They seized their pastor, compelled him publicly to confess his errors; and it required the powerful interposition of Luther to persuade them to leave him in peace, till he could be otherwise provided for.

We will only add that a similar scene, though with a result more favourable to the chief actor, occurred in the west of Scotland in the year 1811. The minister had, like Stiefel, predicted the day and the

* See an interesting Memoir of Michael Stiefel in *North American Review*, Vol. IV. 1817.

hour, when the last trumpet should sound and the judgement be set. His people at his request assembled and waited, but not with the full confidence of their pastor, the dread event. He ascended the pulpit before the predicted hour, and sat in silent and solemn expectation. But the hour passed, and with it his faith in the fulfilment of his prediction. He was greatly surprised and no doubt chagrined at its failure, but being a conscientious, though credulous man, he acknowledged he had been mistaken, and quietly returned with his flock, who still respected him, to his accustomed duties.

That these delusions were not confined to the uneducated, and to weak enthusiasts or, as might be imagined, to ambitious impostors, is evident from many examples besides those advanced. There is little doubt that Luther himself, though too wise to admit the fanciful interpretations by which such minds as Stiefel's were deluded, believed, that the end of the world was very near at hand.* This opinion was common with the Reformers. They attached great importance to their own labours in regenerating the church, and thus hastening the "times of the restitution of all things." Among the discoveries of the period it was found, "that the art of printing was the horse in the Revelations, on which the word of God rode." Some of them also adopted the literal interpretation of the Millenium, or of the personal reign of Christ upon the earth for a thousand years.† It

* In proof that this was Luther's persuasion, many passages have been cited from his works; and the following, says the writer to whom we have referred, "may be taken as decisive evidence. His most cherished friend, Melancthon, was a believer in astrology, and having cast the nativity of Charles Vth, had found he would live to his eighty fourth year. 'Nay,' said Dr. Luther, 'that cannot be. Ezekiel is against that: the world standeth not so long.' And even after the misfortune of poor Stiefel, so late as 1536, he said, 'we have got along in the Revelation as far as the white horse; and the world cannot stand much longer.'"

† The passage, on which is founded the doctrine of the Millenium is Revelation xx. 1—6. "Upon this promised Millenium, or reign of the saints, much," says Woodhouse on the Apocalypse, "has been written, yet little that can afford satisfaction to the judicious. The meaning of a prophecy of this kind can only be made manifest by the event, which is to fulfil it. Before that time shall arrive, it is unsafe to conjecture after what method it shall be fulfilled; whether as some prophecies, literally, or as others, typically. It is better, therefore, after the wise example of Irenæus respecting another prophecy, to wait the completion of the prediction."

The difficulties attending a literal interpretation of this prophecy are stated by Dr. Whitby in his elaborate Treatise on the Millenium; and more briefly by Lowman in his Notes on the Revelation.

was in this same belief, that even Milton, the pride of England, the prince of her poets, partaking in the religious fervors of the times of the Commonwealth, and sincerely believing what Cromwell only professed, breaks out in raptures as he anticipates the changes that were at hand, and invokes Jehovah "as the eternal and *shortly expected* king."

Neither were such expectations, and the alarms or the hopes with which according to the temperament or character of the individual they were attended, peculiar to the times that are gone. Examples not a few might be mentioned in our own days. Many of our readers will remember the writings of the Rev. George Stanley Faber, of the University of Oxford. All the learning and research of this ingenious divine did not save him from that vicious and delusive practice, common to enthusiasts, of applying ancient predictions to passing and undeveloped events. He could see in the French Revolution and the changes that followed it in the states of Europe, the very things intended by Daniel in his visions and by St. John in his Revelation; and it was probably the effect of such works as Faber's "Dissertation on the Seven Vials," and still more "on the 1260 years,"* that gave the impulse to a spirit of conjecture, we may not say prophecy, that was awakened among ourselves some thirty years since, and filled multitudes with the belief, that the end of all things was at hand. A well meaning divine in the western part of Massachusetts first gave form and date to the annunciation, and the delusion was extensively propagated through New England.

We find, still later, a professor of astronomy at Bologna predicting that the world would come to an end on the 18th of July, 1816. But it were endless to detail the examples of the past, and we have neither limits nor inclination to descend to the present, or to prove what is sufficiently apparent, the delusion into which those have invariably been led, who have attempted to interpret prophecy by passing events; or to declare what it is not given to man to know. No prophecy of Scripture, we are taught, "is of private interpretation;" not of human

* In one of his more recent works, Faber expresses some distrust of former conjectures, and wisely says, "what time will expose, ere the beast recovers from his present depression, we have no specific documents to determine." By the *beast*, he understands Bonaparte and the French Empire, as they were in 1813, and thinks it "probable, that several years will pass, ere his strength will be renewed for the last great exertion!"

device, but of Divine original; not to be interpreted, therefore, by individual fancy or vague conjecture, but *only*, we repeat, *by the event which is to fulfil it*. We may waste our lives in theories, and fill our hearts with fears or hopes that have no profit, while he, with whom "one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years are as one day" still keeps the times and seasons in his own power. How vain is it to speculate about the end of the world, which after all our predictions may last for centuries, and forget that before tomorrow we ourselves may have ceased to have any portion in it. The best preparation for death is the faithful fulfilment of the duties of life. It is not in fearful lookings for of judgement alone that we shall be found ready for the judgement day; but to work the work of him that sent us, to live soberly, righteously, and piously, and in patient well-doing to wait the appearance of Christ Jesus—this is acceptable with God.

That much remains to be done before ancient prophecy is completed, whoever reads may understand. That the world will continue, and generations succeed after we have left it, we may be assured. How long, or how many, this shall be, is with the secret things that belong to God, "whose glory it is to conceal a matter," and whose wisdom and kindness are displayed alike in what he has revealed and in what he has hidden. Only "the things that are revealed belong to us and to our children,"—*that we may do them.* F. P.

FEMALE AUTHORSHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING."

THERE are many now living, who remember the period when an American authoress was looked upon as a curiosity. This class of writers, however, has increased so much among us, that it no longer excites any wonder, though to the honour of our chivalric nation be it spoken, it calls forth much indulgence. It is a privileged class, and is seldom judged by the rigid rules of criticism, the desire of doing good or affording innocent amusement often covering a multitude of faults. It is well that it should be so, for few women are educated to

become authors; they have the faculty of "pouring forth their thoughts like water," and if it is pure and refreshing, it would be unwise to check the current by severe criticism. The press, it is true, is said to be the guardian of classical composition, but there is little danger that the works of authoresses will become standard works, and still less that any deficiency in accuracy of language should be a sanction to more profound writers. The protection and aid which are given to females in this country if they chance to travel alone has been a subject of reprobation, at least to *one* European traveller, as evincing a disposition on the part of the men to claim a decided superiority over the weaker sex. We thank her for this tribute to our generous-hearted countrymen, and it is just. The best seat in the stage-coach is given to a lonely woman, and whether she is young or old, handsome or ugly, her comfort in storm, rain or sunshine is considered, in preference to their own. This is not confined to what are called educated and polished men; it is the spirit of this portion of our country, and does not show itself in idle courtesy, but in essential kindness. The same feeling leads to a candid judgement of female writers, and it is undoubtedly owing to this forbearance that they have so greatly increased, and no longer appear like solitary guide-posts at long intervals of space, with the melancholy feeling of being pointed *at*, instead of pointing *out* the way; they no longer stand aside on the highroad, but now mingle with society, and are expected to look and dress much like other people, and it is not very uncommon to find *book* and *belle* united.

We ought, however, to recollect with gratitude the authoresses who acted as pioneers, and have produced this happy state of literary freedom in our new world; who by leading the way have enabled their countrywomen to *prattle* as freely on paper, as they have always done in a drawing-room. We first mention Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Murray; then comes she, whose name is recorded as "the first tenant of Mount Auburn," Hannah Adams. Blessings on those who have thus distinguished her unassuming merit! who have given to her remains a home in the green earth among trees, plants, and flowers. We rejoice that year after year, with the first coming of spring, and the sunseting glory of autumn, we may read her name inscribed on the simple marble monument, and while we recollect her child-like simplicity and truth, remember "that of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is one authoress of much earlier date than those mentioned, who we think is not generally known. Anna Dudley was the daughter of Thomas Dudley, the first Deputy-Governor in this Colony. In Winthrop's History of New England we find an honourable notice of her by the editor, who designates her "as the most distinguished of the early matrons of our land by her literary labours." She was married to Simon Bradstreet, in England, came to Salem with him in 1630, and resided there. He was twice elected Governor. She had eight children and died in 1672.* After her death her husband married a second time.—A volume of her poems is still extant, and some specimens of her composition may not be uninteresting, written more than two hundred years ago.

"*The Four Ages of Man*" is the title of one of her poems. Childhood is thus described :—

" Childhood was cloth'd in white and green, to show
His spring was intermixed with some snow,
Upon his head nature a garland set,
Of primrose, daisy, and the violet.
Such cold pale flowers the spring puts forth betime,
Before the sun hath thoroughly heat the clime.
His hobby striding, did not ride, but run,
And in his hand an hour-glass new begun."

Her model was the famous French poet of that period, Du Bartas, and the first piece is addressed to her by a friend, in which the writer states that Mercury showed Apollo Du Bartas's works, and Minerva presented Anna's, desiring him to

" Tell, uprightly, which did which excel ;
He view'd and view'd, and vow'd he could not tell."

After much examination they came to the conclusion, that the authoress was " a right Du Bartas girl," and had equalled her model.

Though there is much of the strained and unnatural conceit of the day, and she often outstrips her model in defects, there are rich poetic thoughts interspersed.

It is pleasant to observe how faithful nature is in every age to her own laws. The true atmosphere of woman is affection ; her "*Elegy*

* Rev. Dr. Channing is a lineal descendant of this lady ; she was the great grandmother of his mother.

to the memory of my dear and ever honored father, Thomas Dudley, who deceased July 31st, 1633, at the age of 77," is full of natural expression and feeling. In this Elegy her mind and verse flow free and unshackled. It begins thus :

" By duty bound, and not by custom led,
To celebrate the praises of the dead,
My mournful mind, sore press'd, in trembling verse
Presents my lamentations at his hearse,
Who was my father, guide, instructor too ;
To whom I owe whatever I could do ;
Nor is 't relation near my hand shall tie ;
For who more cause to boast his worth than I ?
Who heard, or saw, observed, or knew him better,
Or who alive, than I, a greater debtor ?
Let malice bite, and envy take its fill,
He was my father and I'll praise him still."

The best specimen of her powers of mind is a poem containing over thirty stanzas, entitled "*Contemplations.*" We shall finish this article with selecting a few of the verses.

* * * * *

" Some time now past, in the autumnal tide,
When Phœbus wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Were gilded o'er by his rich golden head ;
Their leaves and fruits seemed painted, but were true,
Of green, of red, of yellow mixed hue ;
Wrapt were my thoughts at this delightful view.

I wist not what to wish, yet sure, thought I,
If so much excellence abide below,
How excellent is He that dwells on high,
Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
That bath this under world so richly dight,
More heaven than earth is here, no winter and no night.

Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,
Whose top unto the clouds seem'd to aspire ;
How long since thou wast in thy infancy ?
Thy strength and stature sure we must admire.

Hath hundred winters past since thou wert born,
Or thousand since thou brak'st thy shell of horn?
All these as nought eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glittering sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams were shaded by the leafy tree,
The more I look'd the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this universe's eye!
No wonder some made thee a deity;
Had I not better known, alas! the same had I.

Art thou so full of glory, that no eye
Hath strength thy shining rays once to behold?
And is thy splendid throne erect so high,
As to approach it can no earthly mould?
How full of glory then must thy Creator be?
Who gave this brightest lustre unto thee:
Admired, ador'd, forever be that majesty!

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
And then the earth, though old, still clad in green,
The trees and stones insensible of time,
Nor age nor wrinkle in their front are seen;
If winter come and greenness then do fade,
A spring returns and they're more youthful made,
But man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
Because their beauty and their strength last longer?
And think they boast to man superior birth,
Because they're bigger, and their bodies stronger?
Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and die,
And when they perish so shall ever lie;
But man was made for endless immortality."

There are many verses containing as much poetical thought as these, which are necessarily omitted. That they were written two centuries ago gives them a claim to antiquity in our new world.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRACLES.

At the close of our former article on this subject (page 218) we said, that to the question, why in this connexion we urged such acknowledged truths, we had an answer ready ;—which we now proceed to give.

To us, then, it seems, that for all practical purposes of Christian faith, the reality of the miracles is denied by many who profess to believe them. In our judgement, this is done either by attributing to them only a subjective reality ; or by accounting for them as natural facts, explicable by known principles of physics ; or by admitting them only as traditions current in the Church, but resting on no historical basis. Whereas our conviction is, that the interpretation, which supposes the occurrence of the resurrection, for instance, an indubitable matter of fact—a true objective reality, is the only interpretation that is adapted to the general faith of Christians, or can satisfactorily account for the existence of the Church. Can we believe, that such remarkable effects could have been produced by the preaching of fables ? Or that honest men could have preached for miracles what they knew were only the results of the natural laws of the world ? Such must have been their conduct, had they known, that the transfiguration, for instance, was but the occurrence of a thunder storm, that awakened the disciples from a dream in which they had seen Moses and Elias talking with Christ ; or that at Cana, Christ coming unexpectedly with his friends and finding the wine insufficient for the company thus enlarged, supplied the deficiency by sending privately and purchasing more ; or that the healing of the sick was but the effect of an excited imagination ; or that the cure of the blind man was effected by the spittle with which his eyes were anointed, assisted by a lively faith in Christ ; or that the resurrection of Christ was nothing but his awakening from a long, heavy sleep,—an effect produced perhaps by the warmth of his grave, and the aroma of the spices with which he was embalmed ; or, to mention no more, that the story of his ascension originated in the circumstance, that after his last interview with the disciples he went up into a mountain amidst a tempest of thunder and lightning, and returned to them no more. To this length have some modern critics gone, to avoid the difficulties which are supposed to press upon the theory of a literal resurrection and ascension ; and one

expresses himself to this effect,—if Christ rose from the grave, then he was not really dead ; if he was really dead, then he did not rise. And such critics profess to be Christians, although if there be such a thing as a fundamental truth in the Gospel, it is here expressly denied and contradicted. We suppose that few Christians will be edified by such criticisms, or be able to understand how the preaching of fables, not to say falsehoods, could have been the foundation of the Church, and have sustained the faith of its members through the afflictive scenes in which their discipleship was proved. What is the religious significance of the resurrection ? Besides the attestation which it furnishes to the divinity of Christ's mission, it shows us the victory of the true, spiritual life over death, and thus confirms our hope of immortality. But unless Jesus really died, and was raised from the dead by the power of the Father, the religious character of the alleged miracle and its connection with faith in another life are irrecoverably lost. It teaches no divine interposition ; it confirms no faith ; it says nothing of a life to come. For practical purposes—for the invigoration of hope and the support of the spiritual life, it has no value.

Farther, the Apostles preached the death of Christ as the middle-point, the great, central truth of the whole doctrine of human salvation, as that without which the plan of redemption through Christ has no consistency or efficiency. No natural explanation, no traditional or mythical fables, can make good the want of faith in the literal occurrence of this event. Without the death of Christ the peculiarity of the Christian system disappears. And were not his death followed by an equally literal resurrection, it would be no longer true, that he was "the first-born" of those who slept—the leader of many sons to glory ;—that he "brought life and immortality to light," and gave the pledge of man's destination to an eternal existence. If this be wanting, we cannot realize from the Scripture the complete idea of a Redeemer, authorised and empowered to remove the sins of our race for all succeeding ages.

It is not denied that the *natural* exposition of miracles professes to retain the essential truth of the events narrated in the Gospel history, and to differ from the popular exposition only in regard to the manner of their occurrence and the instrumentality employed. But may we not here propose an inquiry often made before ;—"How can the New Testament miracles remain everlasting truths,—for example, those of

Christ's resurrection and ascension,—if their reality as historical facts be denied?" that is—if it be denied that they are facts! How can they be true at all, if they never really occurred? Or how, in this case, can they exert a spiritually exciting and sanctifying power upon the hearts of men? If the true, historical basis of facts be removed, or if they be subjected to an interpretation which destroys their objective character, and places them upon a level with the fabulous traditions of Romulus and Remus, what a change takes place in the whole impression which the Gospel history makes upon our minds. Or if doubts in regard to this basis effect a permanent lodgement in our thoughts, how weak and undecided is this impression. Instead of literal truth—revelation from God, we have only a pious fraud,—the invention of men who wished to reform the world from its vices, and began by deceiving the world! Instead of a Church founded by a living head, who manifested in himself the fulness of the divine life, as the living root of a mighty tree beneath the shadow of whose branches the nations should repose, we have a traditionary, fabulous Christ, of whom we cannot positively affirm, that he ever existed, otherwise than in the thoughts of his disciples, as the representative of their idea of the unity of the human race with God! Instead of Jesus of Nazareth, "mighty in deed and word," who manifested the divinity of his mission by signs and miracles which God did by him, we have the poor substitute of an hypothesis which reduces everything to the dead level of every-day occurrences,—or, at least, what might be every-day occurrences, if men would only take pains to develop their natural powers! "The honest, true-hearted disposition of Christ, everywhere evident in the record of his life,—all our knowledge of the moral and religious condition of the early disciples,—the joyful martyrdom, which many of them endured for the honour and truth of the Gospel,—the irresistible power of Christianity, even in its earliest age, upon the whole spiritual developement of mankind, and all its blessed influences upon the world's history,—these all present an incomprehensible mystery, nay, a tormenting contradiction; the divine image of the Redeemer no longer appears as a light to illumine the world's darkness, but a false, glimmering meteor kindled by deception and unbridled enthusiasm."

If we adhere to the view, which represents Christianity as a truly miraculous dispensation, we shall find it not only indispensable to the introduction of God's visible kingdom into the world, but perfectly

consistent with his relation to the human race. In fact, "the relation of God to man—the relation of a moral and spiritual unity finds its historical completion in a miraculous Saviour, the sinless image of the true life of God in the soul of man. Our race has always had a consciousness, more or less distinct, of its divine nature; the thread of revelation runs through the history of all nations and ages; but this imperfect developement is ever dissatisfied, is ever striving for the attainment of a middle-point, and a spiritual elevation, from which a new stream of the divine life may pour itself out in greater fulness; and this middle-point, this elevation, is Christ, the real, historical Redeemer of mankind. In him humanity finds its highest developement. In him is God in his perfect revelation. This real, historical union of the Divine and human, this complete manifestation of the true life in "the author and finisher" of faith, must be granted as essential to the introduction of God's spiritual kingdom among men." This view alone suffices for the faith of the practical Christian. He feels the necessity of such a Saviour. In the light of his character he has a fuller conviction of his own unlikeness to the perfect image,—of his need of redemption and reconciliation. The peace which he seeks he finds only in Christ, the revelation of the Father, the living, dying, rising friend of man. A cheerful hope of immortal life is inspired by his resurrection, and the Christian believer, confiding in him as the true way to eternal life, looks towards the spirit-land without apprehension, and goes down to the grave with unshaken heart and tearless eye.

While in the above remarks we have expressed some of our convictions respecting the miraculous character and conduct of the Saviour, we fully admit the importance of all that may be said in reference to the spiritual nature of Christianity, the adaptation of its truths to our condition and wants, and the necessity of bringing them to the test of our own consciousness. We have no controversy with those who would bring the internal evidences of the Gospel into the clearest light, and commend them to the special attention of mankind. The signature of God is impressed in letters of living light upon the internal characteristics of our religion, and we sincerely rejoice in every attempt to guide the thoughts of men to a better apprehension of this truth. We make the above admission, however, without supposing, that the peculiarity of the Gospel consists in the nature of the truths which it discloses, in their novelty, or their bearing upon

the welfare of mankind. It is not the number or the extraordinary character of its truths, but the *authority* by which they are announced, and the sanctions by which they are enforced, that constitutes its claim to be considered an original, divine communication. Men did not so much need new truths, as that the old should be impressed with new power upon their consciences.

But we do not admit that even a secondary importance is to be attributed to the historical and miraculous character of the Gospel; or that whatever is positive in its history has lost any of its value through the lapse of ages. We believe that the facts are so interwoven with the truths of Christianity, that they cannot without violence be sundered; that the facts as well as the truths possess a permanent interest; and that to weaken their influence, would impair the strength of the foundation upon which Christianity rests in the popular mind. It must not be forgotten, that the great mass of Christians are most easily and effectually influenced by matters of historical reality, and therefore that an interpretation, which substitutes in the place of these an idea, however important it may be, or which renders necessary a train of metaphysical reasoning before the facts can be rightly apprehended, will with difficulty reach their understandings, and by no means commend itself to their hearts. The condition of the world when Christianity was introduced, and the condition of most men now, is a state of moral perversity. To use the mildest language, their attention is most easily excited by appeals to facts—to tangible and visible realities. They are earthly and sensual in their feelings; and to break in upon their worldliness it is well to represent the facts of the Gospel history in the bold relief of their miraculous character. There may be no spirituality in such a process, but it is an introduction to a better work.

But while a miraculous interposition presents a tangible and visible reality to the uninstructed mind, it is no less fitted to reach the understandings and influence the affections of the most cultivated and refined classes of men. The argument from miracles ever adapts itself to the progressive developement of the human mind; for it meets a deep, instinctive want of our spiritual nature. We suppose, that the purer and holier and more enlightened a created spirit becomes, the stronger will be its yearning for a miraculous communication,—the more earnest will be its desire to hear the voice of God uttered in such a manner as to convey the assurance, that it is the

voice of God, and not a suggestion of the human soul. The only conclusive evidence of this is miracle.

If to reconcile the Gospel to our scientific principles, we find it necessary to explain away or to deny the reality of its history, we must either restore the deficient portion in a scientific form, or incur the reproach of a needless violation of the integrity of the sacred records. Such restoration however can never fill the void which will have been made in the popular mind, or remove the suspicion of dishonesty which will naturally attach to such a proceeding. Christianity is not an idea only, but a reality also. "We cannot hold fast the Christian spirit, and reject the form in which it is presented. The spirit and the form are inseparable. Christian ideas have no value as abstractions, but as realities. There is no worth in the mere idea of a God, of a Divine kingdom, of redemption; but only in faith in a personal, almighty God, in an existing kingdom, in a historical, miraculous, ever-enduring Redeemer." We cannot dispense with these, to have them restored in the shape of barren abstractions, unprofitable to the understanding and the affections. Of what value to practical piety and virtue is the criticism, which removes almost all the historical facts in the New Testament, and substitutes for Christ a symbolical representation of the relation of all mankind to God? Or how can we apply to the general edification of Christians the idea, that instead of the spirit being poured out upon the Saviour without measure, we are to suppose that this expression intimates the impartation of divine gifts to all? Piety may well ask, what is left to love, upon an hypothesis which denies the historical and miraculous agency of the individual Christ, and adopts in his stead the collective idea of the whole human race. The Scripture represents love to the Redeemer as essential to the Christian life; but if the person of Christ be removed, or darkened with the shadows of doubt, and his peculiar activity be lost amidst the refinements of science, the mind no longer recognizes the object of its love. The mere idea, or the symbolical representation, cannot inspire the warmth of affection which Jesus enkindles in the bosom of his devoted disciples.

To such difficulties are men reduced rather than admit the positively miraculous in the history of the Saviour. So closely however is supernatural agency associated with the image of Jesus, so deeply is it stamped upon the whole system of popular belief, that the convulsive effort requisite to separate them would well nigh overturn that system

itself, and introduce essential, and in our opinion unfavourable, alterations into the popular ideas of the character of Christ as a World-Redeemer. Whatever might be gained in the accuracy of scientific exposition, would be lost in the practical recognition of the truths of the Gospel. We doubt whether the alleged conflict between revelation and science be not sometimes too readily admitted by the advocates of Christianity; and even supposing such a conflict really to exist, whether a factitious importance be not attributed to it, for the secret or avowed purpose of undermining the authority of revelation. If God be the great, first power in nature, his action must be the first department of true science. "In Him alone nature and spirit find their perfect unity. He is the final cause of all spiritual and physical being and action."

It is not our intention, however, to go further into this question, but only to remark, that if the claims of revelation and science conflict, we admit the desirableness of a reconciliation. But we deny the expediency of the attempt, if it must be made at the expense of the objective worth, or the religious significance of the Christian Miracles; or, if it be necessary to affix to them a natural, a traditionary, or a fabulous exposition. Our interest in them is a permanent interest. It is not diminished by the fact, that the age of their occurrence is long since past. To faith and piety they are ever new. "The world walks in the life-bringing light poured upon it by the Redeemer, as in the splendor of a never-setting sun, however the phenomena, which accompanied its approach and its arising, may now be withdrawn from immediate observation."

J. M. M.

EXPOSITION OF MARK VII. 11—13.

But ye say, If a man shall say to his father or mother, *It is Corban*, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever that mightest be profited by me; *he shall be free*; and ye suffer him no more to do aught for his father or his mother; making the word of God of none effect through your tradition which ye have delivered.

I WILL not embarrass an explanation of this obscure and difficult passage, by mentioning the different forms in which the original has been constructed and translated. All the versions of it which I have

seen agree essentially with each other. The English reader will observe that the words "*he shall be free*" were added by our translators. They are undoubtedly necessary to fill out the idea intended to be conveyed by the original.

The difficulty of rightly understanding this passage arises, in part, from the extreme folly, superstition and wickedness of the opinion which is the subject of our Lord's rebuke. It requires a considerable effort, to conceive that such an opinion could ever have been gravely asserted by professed teachers of morality.

The meaning of the words, "it is Corban" &c. is not,—"I have actually devoted to sacred purposes the money with which I might have supported you, and have therefore put it out of my power to use it, either for your benefit or my own." There would at least have been some show of consistency in such a meaning; and though the principle implied in it would have deserved severe censure, it is not worse than we might have expected, from what the New Testament exhibits, in many passages, of the disposition of the Jews to exalt the ceremonial over the moral part of their Law.

But the meaning is,—"*Let* that wherewith I might support you be as a gift set apart for sacred uses." This was a common form of abjuration among the Jews. If, for example, a man wished to express very emphatically his intention of abstaining from wine, he said, "*Let* the wine which I shall drink be as consecrated wine," that is, "*If* I drink it, let me be held as guilty as if I had drunk such wine." There were certain words indicative of, and relating to, vows, among which was this word *Corban*, the use of which in abjurations of this kind, whether uttered deliberately, or in anger, or inadvertently, were considered peculiarly binding, and the man who afterwards did what he had thus declared he would not do, was thought to be guilty of sacrilege. Such abjurations, it will be observed, involved no actual consecration of any thing to a holy purpose. The thing which was the subject of the abjuration might be used for any other purpose except that which was abjured. Only in case of its being used for the abjured purpose did it become as a consecrated thing.

According to this monstrous principle, an ungrateful child might, in real or feigned passion, say to an aged parent, "*Let* that be as a gift, by which thou mightest be profited by me," and he was at once absolved from the natural obligation of filial duty. His property was not sequestered from his own use, but if he employed it in cherishing

and comforting an infirm father or mother, he was guilty of impiety. Thus did the traditions of men authorise the violation, by the same act, of both clauses of that law of God, which says, "Honour thy father and thy mother;" and, "Whoso curseth" (or, more properly, uses violent and opprobrious language towards) "father or mother, let him die the death."

C. P.

THE EVIL OF SIN.

A SERMON, BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

Jeremiah II. 19. Know, therefore, and see, that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of hosts.

IN treating of the matters of religion, we should not do well, as I conceive, to spend much of our time upon general and abstract views. To carry these views into detail, to bring them home to the experience and practice, is the great business of the pulpit. While therefore the preaching to which you listen, is, much of it, designed to convey either directly or indirectly an impression of the evil of sin, of the wickedness of transgression, and of the miseries, here and hereafter, which must flow from it, I do not often descant on this evil as a distinct and abstract topic, I will confess that I should be greatly disappointed, if I had one hearer so negligent, as to infer from this, that I regard the evil as slight and indifferent—that I regard it as any thing less than the supreme, the infinite evil. I say, the infinite evil: and when I use this expression, I ought to explain it. It is one of those strong expressions, that we naturally use concerning things which are to us of the greatest import. That to which we can set no bounds, we are wont to call infinite. To the consequences of sin we know not where to set any bounds; we feel that we cannot grasp or measure them; and sin, therefore, in its effects—if to *any* thing evil that character may be applied—is an infinite evil. But the guilt of sin is a different thing. The present, actual powers of any being must be the measure of his faults; and since man is a finite

creature, his sins must be finite. To say that they are infinite because they are committed against an Infinite Being, is not to take the true and just measure. To say that, would introduce confusion into all our moral perceptions. It would be to equalize all offences. One sin could not be greater than another, if all were infinite. And besides, those who use this language should remember, that the rule by which they make sin infinite would make holiness infinite; since holiness has reference to an Infinite Being, as much as sin.

We must not pass by the general indication which this extravagance but too plainly bears. Why should men studiously and extravagantly magnify an evil which is in itself sufficiently great, and that too which is not only an evil, but a dishonor to them? It cannot be any natural desire of making themselves worse than they are. It must be a desire, though a mistaken one, to honour God, to exalt his mercy, or to propitiate his favour—to procure his forgiveness. But to think of gaining these objects by statements or confessions that are extravagant and untrue, is not only a mistake, but it is worse than a mistake; it is base disingenuity and gross superstition.

It is not superstition however, that has the truest and greatest tenderness of conscience, and much as men have in theories and words magnified their sins, they have by no means felt them as deeply as they ought. There prevails, indeed, a low and worldly estimate of the evil of sin, among all Christians; there is an earthly sluggishness and indifference on this solemn subject, which it must be the desire of every serious preacher to change into a vivid and living conviction and penitence.

I say of *every* serious preacher. He who imagines that because we deny the doctrine of total depravity, we must make a slight evil of sin, seems, I was ready to say, to be able to take into his mind but one idea at a time; and having adopted that idea, to have no power of keeping it within the limits of reason and moderation. Because a bad man is not entirely dissolute, and wholly given up to profligacy, must I therefore think lightly of his vices? Because his passions are not swallowed up in total and unmixed malignity, is his anger or his violence nothing? On the contrary, do not some lights on the picture of human life deepen the shadows? Do not some devout thoughts and affections in the heart of man render it a still more evil and bitter thing, that he so habitually departs from the Lord his God? This language—this charge of departing from God—was

originally addressed to the nation of the Jews ; a nation, which, it will not be thought, was ever, at any period, *better* than the mass of our Christian communities. And yet this nation is spoken of as having departed from God, and the language of course implies that they could not always have been utterly estranged from him. Neither is their departure represented as a total estrangement.

But I will not detain you any longer with explanations. The subject on which we are engaged might fill volumes ; and may well occupy our principal attention in a single discourse.

“ Know, therefore, and see ”—was the language of Heaven to ancient disobedience—“ know and see, that it is an evil thing and bitter.” The language is very emphatic ; *know* and *see*, that it is *evil* and *bitter*. But when shall language be emphatic, if not in a case like this ? There is nothing so evil in fact ; there is nothing so bitter in experience as sin. There is no evil so great, so calamitous, so fatal. There is none, that assails our welfare in so vital a part ; for this attacks the soul. There is none so insidious, so difficult to guard against ; for this evil comes with temptations of every form and character, secret and open, gentle and violent ; and it comes through every avenue of thought and feeling and pursuit and relationship and circumstance. There is no evil, which, when once it is done, is so hard to be remedied ; for the correction of which the Divine providence and grace have employed so many and such stupendous means ; none so fixed and rooted in the soul, so strong in the passions, so inveterate in the habits ; and none which draws after it such a lengthened and gloomy train of consequences. And furthermore, there is nothing beside that so transcends all that we call evil—none other that is more dreadful than all calamity ; none other that is to be sighed over with such bitter grief,—none other that demands more than grief—that demands penitence—shame—sorrow, bitter and unfeigned as the evil is real and great. Let us consider some of the points thus summarily stated.

I. First, sin is to be considered as an evil ; and an evil more calamitous than all others.

In looking over the world I see it afflicted with many evils. In nature and life, goodly and kind as is their visitation, there is still enough to move the profoundest pity, and to feed the reveries of the most melancholy reflection. Disease, in its unnumbered forms of pain and languishment ; poverty, want and famine ; bereavement, with

its mournful train ; and, then, the desolating way of the elements in storm and tempest, in earthquake and tornado ; the conflagration, and the cry of alarm that breaks upon the ear of midnight ; the wrecks of the mariner upon the wide and measureless sea, where help cannot come ;—all these rise to the imagination and oppress the heart with the sense of earthly ills. But what are all these to the evil that man does to man, or that man does to himself ? The miseries of ungoverned passion, the woes of intemperance and excess, the penalties of violated law, the prisons and dungeons that fill every land ; the numberless aspects and forms of sin—peevish discontent, writhing envy, pale and haggard remorse, the cowardly and withering fears of a guilty conscience ; the victims too—the poor oppressed, the rich defrauded, the humble trodden down, the high assailed with the shafts of malice and slander ;—what evils are to compare with such as these ? War, with all its horrors, is but one picture of the kind of evil we are now considering. The thousand fields of human slaughter, where all the passions of hell are let loose, and are only the more horrible because they rankle in the hearts of brethren ; the bloody footsteps of the conqueror through desolate plains, burning villages and plundered cities, amidst the wailings of infancy, the shrieks of distracted mothers and orphans, the feeble and vainly imploring cries of hoary and venerable age ; every thing goodly and venerable, every thing precious and holy, trampled under foot ; the treasures of wealth, the productions of art, the pleasant places of domestic habitation, temple and palace, groves and gardens, all whelmed in the bloody and fiery deluge ;—whence comes all this ? “ Whence,” says the Apostle, “ come wars and fightings ? Come they not from your lusts,” that is from your passions ? And all the innocent sufferings of the world put together do not equal the miseries that have proceeded from war.

But look again—look into the interior of society. What creates the principal difficulties of business ? The bitterness of competition, the insecurity of contracts, the unfaithfulness of agents ; covetousness, dishonesty, selfishness. What occasions most of the uneasiness, distrust and dissatisfaction of social intercourse ? The excessive desire of admiration ; the fear of neglect ; the want of confidence in one another ; the want of a tender and generous feeling for each other, that would make the ordinary, interesting, and the dull, more than tolerable ; the want, in short, of an ardent benevolence. What treasures—treasures that are now sealed up in fear and suspicion—

might a true-hearted goodness draw out in every company into which it should fall! Once more, what causes the chief misery that enters into families? Still I must answer by referring to moral causes. It is the collision of unkind feelings, the impatience of contradiction, the haste of the passions, that most frequently mars the peace and joy of domestic life. What a happy world might this be, if it were not for these things! But for these things, how cheerful, innocent, and comparatively undisturbed might be the courses of business, how bright the paths of society, how blessed the places of domestic abode!

Once more, let us look to the interior, not of society, but of the human heart. Let any man ask himself, "why cannot I be happy?" and let him get the fair and true answer. He will find that in one form or another, it is sin that will not let him be happy. It is not this alone, I am aware, for health, temperament, circumstances have an influence; but it is this chiefly. What directly gives a man the greatest pain, is something wrong in him. His inordinate desire of gain is not satisfied; his worldly ambition is not satisfied; his sinful love of pleasure is not satisfied; his selfishness in all its unreasonable wants and desires is not satisfied. What can satisfy the all-devouring selfishness of men? And then, a man is angry when he should not be; and he is vexed, when, if his heart were right, he would not be; and he is sad, when he need not be. And his ill health often proceeds from something wrong in his habits of living or his state of mind; his temperament, on which he lays so large a burden of the ills that afflict him, is irritated and deranged by his discontent or misanthropy. And his circumstances—they take their hue and character from the mind; and when they might be his servants, he suffers them to be his masters.

You tell me of poverty. But who does not know that a poor man with wisdom and piety, yes, though he be brought into straits and difficulties, is happier than the richest man who lives in folly and dissolute excess? You tell me of sickness. But the sickness of the body is occasional, while the sickness of the soul is perpetual. The one may be cured, while to the other there comes no healing. Though there is balm, and a physician, the sick mind, sick to delirium, cherishing its disease, will not apply for help,—will take no counsel, will seek no relief. And there is an evil, too, which I will not essay to lessen by any comparisons. There is bereavement: and when it comes, I know that we must bow down to it. There is no courage.

to contend here; as there may be, with sickness and poverty. Consolation we must seek, and not courage; the endurance, and not the disparagement of our loss. And, blessed be God! consolation and patience may be found. And yet, let me add, even in relation to this form of calamity—what bereavements does sin cause in the human heart! How is the soul, not for a day nor for a year only, but through its whole earthly course,—how is the sinful and disobedient soul bereaved of peace, bereaved of the light that shines on the good man's path, bereaved of the comforting sense of God's presence, bereaved, yes, and voluntarily bereaved, of the best and highest friendship, the brightest light, and the most blessed hope! And so great is the calamity of this bereavement,—and this is a distinct consideration,—so great is the calamity of this bereavement, that to restore man to his God, to restore man to piety, to virtue, to purity, all the calamities of life are appointed; and so far from being evil, in this holy ministry, they are good. Yes, there are evils in the world, and they are all disciplinary—such as sickness, disappointment, suffering, disaster; yes, and good men have suffered evils,—prophets have left all to teach, saints have endured voluntary poverty, and hunger, and martyrdom, that they might spread the light of their testimony and example; and Jesus, the high priest, who has in his own body consummated all typical and all human sacrifices—Jesus, the chief prophet and martyr, has endured the pains of crucifixion; and all this evil has been suffered, to remedy a still greater evil—an evil, that stands alone in the creation as unmixed and immitigable—not irremovable, but while it lasts immitigable—an evil, which, so long as it cleaves to the soul, *must* fill it with darkness and woe, with calamity and desolation.

The state of being a sinner, then, is to be represented as calamitous; the state, I mean, of voluntary transgression, and not of necessary imperfection. It is a mournful condition; it is a sad and gloomy path to walk in; it is evil and bitter. And if a man stands up in the sight of heaven and makes his lamentation, there is nothing that should justly draw forth such deep and bitter sighs from his heart, as the consciousness that he has sinned. No, not if poverty, pain, and bereavement came into his account, would he have such occasion for sorrow and mourning, as when he says, "I am a sinner—I have sinned, oh Father, against heaven and before thee." And this I say, whether the man is penitent or not. The barest and the calmest

consideration of evils may easily lead any one to see, that moral evil, the violation of one's conscience, wilful wrong-doing, is far the greatest evil, and causes far the greatest evil in the world.

II. But there is something in sin which is not reached by any consideration of it as an evil. There is something darker and more gloomy in it, than any pains and penalties following in its train. And perhaps we may say that it carries in its bosom, carries in itself, carries in what it is, a more dreadful retribution, than all its sufferings, whether in this world or the next. The sinner is more to be lamented over than the sufferer. A happy bad man, if such there could be, were a far gloomier object than a suffering good man. Virtue is still a light amidst the darkest calamities that can surround it; quench that light—let guilt and suffering both throw their shadow upon the future, and then indeed is it unmingled blackness of darkness.

Calamity, dark though it be, is an accidental evil; it exists in our circumstances; change may remove it. Sin is an intrinsic evil; it exists in our affections; it clings to our habits; no outward change can bring relief. Calamity presses upon a man; sin is a part of him; it is not a man's trial; it is a man's self. He may journey, but he cannot flee from it; he may hide himself in the deepest bowers of repose, but he cannot elude it. Go where he will—do what he will, yet ever, and every where—whether in society or solitude, amidst riches or poverty, in prosperity or in adversity, this greatest of evils besets him, nay, is within him, and a part of himself.

No outward change, I say, can bring relief. Men have sometimes imagined themselves to be haunted by an evil presence from which they could never escape; "the grim feature" has stared upon them through the veils of darkness, or it has revealed itself amidst troops of friends and the show of happy faces. Sin is the very realization of that fable. It steals like a serpent through all the paths of the affections, and amidst the sunshine and flowers of earthly prosperity its hiss is heard, and its fiery tongue shoots its venom. How distinct, and dreadful, sometimes, is that revelation of evil to a man! He has struggled on to reach a happy condition; he has sought outward good, and forgotten or fostered the inward evil; he has gained admirers and friends; but amidst praises and honors the enemy within has gained strength, growing wealth and luxury have nursed some serpent passion in his bosom; and when he has reached the long-sought pinnacle of prosperity, and stands there, and says, "I will be happy now," lo!

some accursed habit stands there too—pride, or envy, or sensuality—it stands there and he cannot fling it from him, or rather will not; its growth has been as certain as that of his fortunes or honors, and there it stands, to mar and to ruin all the good that he has heaped up to himself. Ah! miserable man! he has gained the world and lost his soul.

But, alas! this is not a subject for ingenious comparisons. Nor is it a subject, to my apprehension, on which words avail much. If it is felt, a few and those of the simplest character, will suffice; if it is not, volumes would avail nothing. If the words—sin, guilt, ingratitude, disobedience, are light words to us, what purpose would it serve to repeat and reiterate them? If they are words that sink heavily upon the heart, what need of repetition? He who has felt them, will feel that no words may compare with them. He will say with himself, "Oh! that I had been any thing—poor, neglected, disappointed, cast down, or troubled—any thing but an offender against my God and my conscience!" He will say, "I might have suffered want, I could have smiled upon it; I might have been unknown, I could have been content; I might have been afflicted, I could have borne it;—it is all over, and I can rejoice; but in the thought that I have done wrong, that I have neglected my duty, that I have displeased the gracious Giver of life—in that thought there is no contentment, there is no fortitude, there is, alas! no joy; the memory of it is evil and bitter."

My brethren, we have been speaking of sin. What is sin? It is a word that is often pronounced. It is a word, I believe, that is often taken lightly upon the lips of many. If any of you were asked on retiring to your homes, what was the subject of this evening's discourse, I am not sure but *you* would answer lightly; I do not know that any one of you would sit down with a sigh of thoughtfulness and of solemn feeling, and pronounce the word that describes it. But what is sin? I am not now to speak of it in detail. I am not now to speak of impiety, ingratitude, profaneness, envy, malice, sensuality. What is it in general, of which I am this evening discoursing? What is it in essence? Among all the imbosomed elements and affections of your being, is there any thing like it? To your consciousness does it not stand apart and alone, as the evil and bitter thing?—accursed, odious, hateful, condemned, self-condemned? Does not your very heart sink—does not your very soul writhe and groan under

the conviction of it? Summon it forth among all the powers, affections, judgements, of your nature. Is it not the only thing that cannot answer for itself? Or, stand thou forth, O man, in the court of thy fellows, and let them question thee. Yes, let them question and examine thee upon thy conduct from morning until night, and bravely shalt thou answer, so long as thou standest there in untouched purity and innocence. But let them put the question that convicts thee of dishonesty, of fraud, of baseness; and then a change shall come over thee, as if the universe around thee were shaken—as if the heavens grew black and the earth desolate; thy countenance shall fall, thy face shall turn pale, thy lips shall tremble, thy manly frame shall sink and fail. Oh! the lightning that descends and shatters the mighty oak is not more fearful, than that lightning conviction of guilt that pierces and rends—that breaks down all our manhood and might, and levels it with the dust!

Is there any thing, then, like this thing? And is this a thing only for certain persons, called religious persons, to speak and think upon? Art not thou, whosoever thou art, a sinner? Yes, and ten thousand times a sinner. Yes, a cloud, and a thick cloud, of transgressions has gone up from the life of every thinking, breathing man on earth. And well might such an one, and every one, go away into some deep retirement and brood over this mournful history; and say, "I have sinned against heaven and before thee;" and say again, "Oh! wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death;" and say once more, "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away, and be at rest."

With one or two observations I will dismiss this theme, little enough attractive, I know—laden indeed with sadness, but not lightly to be shaken off.

One is, that in the pulpit we contend with the grand foe of human nature. This pulpit is not set apart from the world as if it had nothing to do with its actual and stirring affairs. It is not set here for a controversy with certain things which a certain set of people, called preachers and saints, have agreed to call great evils. We do not so beat the air. We do not fight imaginary foes. If I thought so, I would this evening take my leave of the pulpit forever. No, I contend here with real evils—with the greatest of evils—with worse than evils. I contend here with real enemies—and the most fearful of enemies. No, not if I stood up amidst the rage of pestilence with

a medicine to heal, not if I lifted up the edged sword that could turn back from your homes the tide of battle, should I be engaged in a contest so vital to human welfare. It is a ministration that goes down into the depths of the overshadowed soul, and offers the means and instruments for carrying on the fiercest and most perilous conflict in which mortal men can ever be engaged. May that conflict ever be carried on in us all, with prayer, and penitence, and watchfulness, and wrestling, and with the whole armor of God !

In the next place, let me say, that living as we do in a world where there are such enemies and evils—where our children, our friends and associates are all exposed to them, we ought not to live as if there were no such evils and enemies. We ought not to live in this world as though all were well in it, and we had nothing to do but to get comfortably and respectably through it. All is *not* well, but far otherwise. If we lived in a world of enlightened and innocent beings, that could take care of themselves, the case would be different. But we live in a world of ignorant and sinful beings, that will not take care of themselves. We must, therefore, care for them. We must care for one another. We must strengthen each other's resolutions, and encourage each other's endeavor, and bear each other's burthens, and pray and watch for one another, and "so fulfil the law of Christ." The law of Christ is the law of love for one another. It binds us to devote a portion of our time, our talents and our property, and the whole of our influence and example to the salvation of men—to their salvation from sin—the supreme evil and woe of their being. This, my friends, is no visionary undertaking, nor impracticable benevolence: not visionary, for it involves the substantial welfare of men; not impracticable, for every thought and feeling and action of ours may tend to good.

We live in a world of sin and folly and misery. Let it be better, and wiser, and happier for our living in it. Let us aim to make it so. Let not the noblest opportunity of usefulness that ever was given to rational beings, pass by unimproved. When we die, let not the best thing that can be said of you, or me, be this ;—"he was rich, he was learned, he was respectable, he was distinguished;" but upon the tombs that we are to leave in a sinful and unhappy world, let it be written,—“he was good, and did good, and the blessings of many raised from ignorance and guilt hallow his memory !”

THE DOUBLE ANNIVERSARY.

"He died on the very day his younger brother completed his fourth year."
—From a father's letter.

He left him lonely at his play,
He left him lonely in his sleep,
He left him on a once glad day,
And those who would have smiled, must weep!

And why, oh why, with fierce disease
Did the young victim struggle so;
Since tears, nor pray'rs on bended knees,
From his meek head could turn the blow?

Why did he linger till that day
So full of pleasant memories,
To bear its joyousness away,
And drown in tears its revelries?

Say ye, he *died* at that strange time?
He died? aye! pass'd to cherub bliss;
Was call'd that day to seek a clime
Far purer, happier than this.

When, as the rolling year comes round,
The left, the solitary boy
Beside his mother's knee is found,
Asking why tears bedew her joy;

Tell him—"This day our living son,
Our hope, our future staff, was given,
Was born to earth;—and he that's gone
This day was born, we trust, to heaven!"

L. J. P.

SATURDAY EVENING AT DAVID ELLINGTON'S.

ONE can hardly picture to himself a more grateful scene than is presented by the close of Saturday afternoon in the country. Every thing seems to indicate satisfaction at approaching repose. The labourers, as they return to their homes, bearing the implements of toil, and attended by their cattle, carry in their very movements signs of pleasure that their toils are ended. The weary oxen, as they step sluggishly along, appear conscious of their weekly respite, and the softening light of the west sympathises with the feelings of the sentient creation. As one looks upon such a rural scene at the close of a bright summer's day, while the increasing stillness intimates that it begins to draw toward the first day of the week, he may well be reminded of Southey's beautiful description of the "holy night:"

"When all created things know and adore
The Power that made them; insects, beasts and birds,
The water-dwellers, herbs, and trees, and stones,
Yea, earth and ocean, and the infinite heaven
With all its worlds. * * * The prayer
Flows from the righteous with intenser love,
A holier calm succeeds, and sweeter dreams
Visit the slumbers of the penitent."

It was on such an evening, when the sun had just given his parting look to the blooming and weary world, that David Ellington had come home from his work and was seated with his little family at the evening meal. The day had been sultry and the air was close and oppressive. Jane had therefore taken the table out from the confined apartment into the open air, and spread it under the shadow of the great tree behind the house. There they sat in the cool of the calm twilight, their spirits as even as the hour; and some philosophers might be puzzled to know, whether the expression of the scene without had done most to give the temper to their minds, or the state of their minds bestowed its beauty on the scene. David and Jane were no philosophers; but the thought naturally occurred to them, and they gave the question their own solution.

"One would almost fancy," said Jane, "that the very sky and air were full of feeling and thought; how can they have so much expression of the soul without any soul?"

"He who made them," replied David, "cannot but give an expression to all that he makes; it all bears the mark of his hand; it is therefore adapted to excite feeling in the souls who observe it. The works he has made are suited to the souls he has made."

"And it seems to me that they address the heart just as words do. They mean something, and the eye receives their meaning as the ear does the meaning of words. It seems to me there is no difference, excepting that words are more distinct."

"In that respect the beauty of such an evening as this is like poetry, which suggests sentiment rather than distinct thought; or perhaps more like music, which brings on a certain state of feeling, and not a definite train of ideas. A piece of music stirs my feelings or puts me in a reverie, and so does a beautiful prospect or a sweet summer's evening."

"That reminds me of what we read of Wilberforce the other day. Speaking of flowers, he said that they seemed to him like the smile on the Father's countenance. So all the beauty of the sky and the earth is like the smile of God; and a smile shows us the disposition of the person just as certainly as any words he can use. This accounts for the *expression* I spoke of. One cannot sit down in the midst of this loveliness without being conscious that it is a Divine presence which makes it lovely."

"As Cowper says," pursued David,

'His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
'Makes all still fairer.'

But if one perceive not his presence, a great element of beauty and pleasure is gone."

"The beauty remains and the divine expression is in it; but the capacity is wanting to perceive it. If we had no eyes, we should know nothing of it; if we had only eyes without feeling, we should know little of it; and we know most of it at those hours when our hearts are most softened by holy thoughts and devout affections. There is never so much beauty in it as on the Sabbath, or perhaps Saturday evening, when we are enjoying the luxury of a passage from toil to repose."

But it will not do to repeat all that was said, though it might help to show how easily the simple and thoughtful can turn to a spiritual channel the conversation suggested by casual circumstances. If men would speak out more freely what is passing within them, there would be less idle talking.

It was not long before they were interrupted by the arrival of their neighbor John Smith. John had evidently been making an effort at improvement since his morning conversation with David; and he occasionally sought an opportunity to renew the talk with him. So he dropped in now, as he said, just to pass away an hour in friendly chat, for he really did not know what to do with himself.

"The fact is," said he, "Saturday evening is the hardest night in the week to get rid of. 'Tis not exactly reputable or proper to be pushing about in the same way as on other evenings, and yet one does not like to be moped up at home. It's neither work day nor Sunday."

"What is it then," said David.

"Why, it's something between the two."

"That's the beauty of it to me," said David, "and the very reason why I like it. It is particularly delightful to have a little season of transition between the common affairs of the world and the sacred duties of the sabbath. I should not like to rush suddenly and without preparation from the one to the other; and this quiet evening is an excellent time for preparation."

"But for my part," answered Smith, "I do not see that any particular preparation is necessary; and I have heard you say a hundred times, that a good man will live so as to have every day a sabbath as well as Sunday, and be ready at one time as well as another to join immediately in prayer."

"Not a hundred times, John; perhaps two or three."

"Well, not exactly a hundred, to be sure," said Smith, smiling at David's precise way of correcting his extravagance in speech; "not exactly a hundred times; but I am sure I have heard you say so, and I have heard it from the pulpit."

"Very true; and I will not take it back. A man should make every hour holy, and be every minute prepared for worship or for death. But very few men have ever reached such a perfection; and therefore we have no right to act as if we had, and put aside special occasions of preparation. We need them so much the more now, because we hope by and bye to need them less."

"But don't you suppose that one would get on faster if he were to begin with making all days alike?"

"No, not at all; and for this reason;—if he were to begin so, he would make Sunday like a week day, and not the week days like Sunday; he could not avoid this. And just so it has happened with all that I ever knew attempt to act on this principle. It was perfectly impossible for them to live every day a life of sober, devout, contemplative deportment, such as belongs to the sabbath and to heaven; they were not advanced enough in holiness for that; and therefore all they could effect toward making all days alike, was to make Sunday a common day. By this means they did make all alike, but they deprived themselves of a great aid to religious improvement, and their characters perceptibly lost ground. Instead of getting six more sabbaths in the week, as they pretended to do, they lost the one they had."

"Then I don't see but that you would give up the six days to the world, and confine religion to the seventh."

"I did not say that, did I? And you don't suppose I meant it, do you?"

"Why perhaps not; but I don't see why it does not follow. For you allow men to be less religious on other days than on Sunday."

"No, that is not what I mean. A man is never allowed to be any thing else than a religious man; he may not be irreligious any day. But then, when he is in the midst of business, and so forth, in common life, he is likely to have his thoughts diverted, and his feelings ruffled, and to be put off his guard, and be tempted in a hundred different ways. He must be very strong and confirmed in a holy life, to be able to get through it all without offence. And how is he to become strong enough? By the help of the sabbath; by resting, thinking, reading, worshipping, on that one day, away from the world and in communion with God. He will then go back to the world stronger and stronger every week, and thus make every week more and more like a perpetual sabbath. Just suppose, if you please, that a man were once a week taken away from the earth and transported into heaven; that there he joined in the pleasures and conversation of its pure inhabitants, and learned to make an exact comparison between their condition and that of men upon earth. How would he feel on returning to the world? Would he not look on it with different eyes? would he not go about his business with his thoughts full of that better world, and would he not be anxious to live so as to become worthy of possessing it here—

after? Why, John, if you were to spend every Sunday actually among the blessed spirits of heaven, you would be haunted by the thought of it all the week long, and after a while you would find no happiness in a day which was not spent in as devout a frame as any sabbath. Don't you think so?"

"To be sure," said Smith; "it could not be otherwise; that is clear enough. And I do not think I should be sorry if it happened to me."

"For I suppose you are not satisfied with your present state," said David, in a tone of half question.

"How can I be?" John asked; "and yet I do not see how I can help it. What can a poor ignorant man like me do?"

"That brings us to the very point," said David. "If you could spend one day a week in the real heaven, you think you should have no difficulty; and I think so too. But as that is impossible, you must do the next best thing,—which is, to use the sabbath for the same end. It seems to me that this is precisely the design of it, and that it may have precisely this effect. It is intended to be a miniature heaven, a specimen of what shall be, an occasion for showing the contrast between a worldly and a divine life; and if you will so occupy the day as to get yourself fully into its spirit, and to taste the enjoyment of a serene and worshipping frame of mind, you will find yourself affected by it on Monday and Tuesday; all life will take a complexion from it; and the renewing of this state of soul every sabbath for months and years, will by and bye make it the settled state of your soul. So that at last you will live just as if you had really gone up to heaven once a week, and seen with your own eyes its glories."

"But you do not suppose that heaven is a mere place of rest and pious meditation, do you? It seems to me it must be something more; there must be something *doing* there."

"Yes, undoubtedly; but then, whatever is done must be in accordance with a certain state of mind and heart. That state is essential to the happiness of heaven; neither the work of heaven can be done without it, nor its pleasure enjoyed. So that the important thing is, to get the soul into that state. When this is accomplished, the satisfaction and the activity will follow.—And this, I think, is the excellence of the sabbath. Six days we are to labor and do our work; we ought to do it in a religious spirit; and that we may be able so to do it, the seventh is made a holy day, which may send us back to our work refreshed and thoughtful."

"Just as Watts expresses it in one of his Hymns," said Jane, "when he says that public worship is *like a little heaven below*; and then he adds,—

'Nor all my pleasure, nor my play,
'Shall tempt me to *forget* this day.'

"But for my part, unhappily," said Smith, "I do not find Sunday so much like heaven; and I forget it almost as soon as it is over."

"How happens that?"

Smith said he could not account for it; he supposed it was so with most people; he could not find that Sunday had much influence on men during the week. This led to a good deal of discussion on the value and operation of Christian institutions, and the cause of their apparent inefficacy. A great many reasons were assigned, some very obvious, some very frivolous; but all taken together showed a quantity of obstructions on the part of society and of individuals, which made Jane say at last, that it was almost wonderful Christianity had any effect at all; for it seemed to be the business of men to counteract it as much as possible. "If they were to set themselves on purpose to destroy its impression," she said, "they could hardly invent surer means of doing it, than by the habits they at present indulge."

"There is a sad mistake in all this thing," said David; "and for aught I see, it is growing worse every day. Even those from whom you would least expect it, fall into the current and help promote the evil. It is only last week that Mr. Hertson, on returning from the city, was telling me of what took place there lately. A great party was given on Saturday evening, where were dancing and other amusements till after midnight. The street was crowded with carriages, and the noise and confusion interrupted the repose of the whole neighbourhood. And who do you suppose were guilty of this indecency? Who were they that committed this outrage on the feelings of the sober people of the city, and the established manners of the place? Why, you would suppose of course it could only be the merely frivolous and worldly, who hold in scorn all serious things. And so I said to Mr. Hertson. But no, he said there were present many persons of respectable standing, church-going people, who counted themselves good Christians, communicants, who professed to

love the institutions of religion and to be desirous of their good influences. There they were, desecrating the holy season by untimely revelry, disturbing the quiet of their more devout neighbours, and bringing a scandal on the cause of religion."

"But I dare say it was done thoughtlessly," said Smith; "I do not suppose they *meant* to do all this harm."

"Thoughtlessly!" cried David. "What right could they have to be thoughtless in so grave a matter? That is itself a sin in a case like this. To go to work deliberately, by a preparation of several days, to spend a whole night in unfitting themselves for public worship, and then to plead that they did not think of doing harm, is a ridiculous aggravation of the offence. It proves that they had no proper sense of the meaning and worth of the sabbath either to themselves or others. If they had, they would have cut off their right hands before they would have done what was so certain to unfit them for the right use of the next day. I should like to know how many of them staid away from church in consequence; how many slept at church; how many were thinking all church time of the pleasant or unpleasant occurrences of the evening, instead of worshipping God. I should like to know what was the state of the house in which the indecorum was perpetrated; and who was responsible for the waste of time and the ill example to the domestics and dependents. Mr. Hertson says, that he was told such things are not common; but it is clear, that whoever introduces or countenances them ought to be regarded as an enemy to the community in which he dwells, and an abettor of irreligion and sin."

"But we do not have such doings out here in the country."

"No, thank God, but if other bad fashions of town get into the country at last, this will too. And indeed I fear that we have not much to boast of. We do not throw away our holy opportunities in the same manner, but we are far from using them as we should. Even you, John, who are one of the quiet people, began with complaining that Saturday evening is a heavy time; and now you add that Sunday is not very profitable to you. And why? The only reason must be, that you misuse it. You do not make it a business to prepare for it as it approaches, and to make the most of it as it passes."

John admitted that this was the case, and added that he should be very glad to be guided to the best methods. The conversation did not soon come to a close; but what its purport was, and what were its results, must be related at some other time.

H. W. jr.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE WORKS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *containing several political and historical Tracts not included in any former edition, and many Letters official and private not hitherto published; with Notes and a Life of the Author. By Jared Sparks. In twelve volumes, 8vo.* Boston: Hilliard, Gray and Co., 1840.

We cannot within the limits of the Miscellany notice critically this publication in any way as it deserves, but we consider the fact of such a book being at length *achieved*, and making its *appearance* in palpable evidence of the fact, too signal an event, at least in our little world of letters, to pass wholly unobserved. Considering its subject, the range which the author and editor has taken, the materials he drew from and wrought up, and finally the ability and fidelity with which his long established character is a guarantee that the work must have been executed, we may safely say, that a monument has been here raised, not to the honor of a Boston man only, but of Boston itself, and of the whole republic. We cannot do less than congratulate the public accordingly, as we do the indefatigable biographer and historian, on the completion of this important portion of his labours. In regard to his materials, as well as the general interest and richness of the entire work, some notion may be formed by noticing even the mere arrangement which has been adopted by Mr. Sparks, viz :

1. Autobiography.
2. Essays on Religious and Moral Subjects and the Economy of Life.
3. Essays on General Politics, Commerce, and Political Economy.
4. Essays and Tracts, Historical and Political, before the American Revolution.
5. Political Papers during and after the American Revolution.
6. Letters and Papers on Electricity.
7. Letters and Papers on Philosophical Subjects.

Some original additions, the editor intimates in his preface. This seems really modest enough, when we come to ascertain that the

whole number of articles here published, which have not appeared in any former collection, including letters and miscellaneous pieces, amounts to about six hundred and fifty, and that upwards of four hundred and sixty of these have never before been printed. They consist of letters and other papers, written either by Franklin, or by some of the most distinguished of his correspondents. In the tables at the end of the tenth volume each of the pieces now printed for the first time is designated. Every American must congratulate himself, not only on the hands this great enterprise has fallen into and received justice from, but on another important circumstance hardly less fortunate—the preservation of all these materials. Mr. Sparks has gathered them more or less from the most various quarters and parties, but it appears that the great mass of papers that accumulated in Franklin's hands while he was minister in France, as well as many others of an earlier date, have been in possession of the Fox family at Philadelphia, carefully preserved now for nearly fifty years, and unexamined, until they were submitted to inspection for the present purpose. We see it is stated also that the autobiography of Franklin, read so much and with so much interest heretofore, though first written in English, was first published in French; and not till about twenty years since, did the original make its appearance.

PRIZE ESSAYS ON A CONGRESS OF NATIONS, *for the adjustment of International Disputes, and for the promotion of Universal Peace, without resort to Arms. With a sixth Essay, &c.* Boston: Whipple & Damrell, for the American Peace Society. 1840. pp. 706, 8vo.

AN ESSAY ON A CONGRESS OF NATIONS, &c. *Containing the substance of the Rejected Essays on that subject. With Original Thoughts and a Copious Appendix. By William Ladd.* Boston: 1840. pp. 192, 8vo.

FEW handsomer volumes than this, we must say at the outset, have ever been published in Boston; and the contents are worthy of the type. They consist of Essays selected by a Committee of that

excellent institution, the American Peace Society, from a great number committed to their charge in consequence of the very liberal premium of a thousand dollars which they offered for the *best*. This premium was not awarded; the referees, Judge Story, Mr. Wirt, and Judge McLean in the first instance, and afterwards Mr. J. Q. Adams, Chancellor Kent, and Mr. Webster, being unable to fix upon any *one* which in their opinion deserved so great a distinction among a host of able competitors. The Society, however, was unwilling to lose these labours, and here we have probably pretty much the spirit of the whole collection. First among them we notice an elaborate article by our fellow-citizen, J. A. Bolles, Esq., who has done himself great honour by his argument and his composition. All the other Essays deserve special notice, but we have only space to commend our readers to Mr. Ladd's, which, we are glad to observe, has been published also in a separate form. A short extract from the "advertisement" will explain Mr. Ladd's views:—

"My claim to originality, in this production, rests much on the thought of separating the subject into two distinct parts, viz. 1st. A Congress of ambassadors from all those Christian and civilized nations who should choose to send them, for the purpose of settling the principles of international law by compact and agreement, of the nature of a mutual treaty, and also of devising and promoting plans for the preservation of peace, and meliorating the condition of man. 2d. A Court of nations, composed of the most able civilians in the world, to arbitrate or judge such cases as should be brought before it, by the mutual consent of two or more contending nations; thus dividing entirely the diplomatic from the judicial functions, which require such different, not to say opposite, characters in the exercise of their functions. I consider the congress as the legislature, and the court as the judiciary, in the government of nations, leaving the functions of the executive with public opinion, 'the queen of the world.' This division I have never seen in any essay or plan for a congress or diet of independent nations, either ancient or modern; and I believe it will obviate all the objections which have been heretofore made to such a plan."

Mr. Adams, who of course has read all these Essays, thus expresses himself, in a letter dated September 4, 1838, to the President of the American Peace Society:—"The publication of the five dissertations, and the distribution of them among the princes and rulers of nations, will awaken and keep alive the attention, both of Europe and America, to the subject." Acting in the spirit of this hint, it is declared to be "the intention of the American Peace Society, to present a copy of

the volume to the President of the United States, the heads of departments, the Governor of every State in the Union, to every foreign ambassador in Washington, and to every crowned head in Europe, and to the executive of every republic in America. The London Peace Society are expected to assist in the general circulation of the volume, and to present a copy of it to every foreign ambassador in the principal courts of Europe. They have engaged to take two hundred and fifty copies of the work."

We hasten to draw attention to a work, both the subject and the intrinsic merits of which deserve a fuller notice than we can now give them. Every lover of peace or friend of humanity, every Christian most certainly, should welcome its appearance and carefully examine its pages.

PEBBLES FROM CASTALIA. *By Isaac Fitzgerald Shepard.* Boston : Whipple & Damrell. 1840. pp. 160, 12mo.

THE CAPTIVITY IN BABYLON, AND OTHER POEMS. *By Rev. Joseph H. Clinch, A. M.* Boston : James Burns. 1840. pp. 115, 12mo.

FLOWERS PLUCKED BY A TRAVELLER ON THE JOURNEY OF LIFE. *By Charles T. Congdon.* Boston : George W. Light. 1840. pp. 72, 12mo.

WE do not admire the first of these titles, nor indeed the last. If they do not savor of affectation, they sound rather old-fashioned for this age of steam ; though that, by the way, is an argument as available against the whole publication, and moreover against all publications of the same class. In other words, these are not—we may as well acknowledge it—the days, at least not the *golden* days, of poetry, or sentiment, or literary luxuries of any sort. How such a practical, driving generation as this is, came to be favored with so much of it—or so good—as they have been, is the marvel to us. Here, in Boston, for example, in these hardest of times, we see volume after volume poured forth from the "populous loins" of the press ; volumes, whose mechanical *getting-up* is really beautiful, while at the same time the

contents, to a very considerable extent, are attractive, and even such as would once, or elsewhere, have created a decided sensation in the republic of readers. Mr. Shepard comes within this category. He is young, we believe, and was bred as a printer, though now a member of Harvard College. This may be taken for his *debut* in the book way. But many of his pieces exhibit a highly respectable finish of style, as well as a genuine breath of poetic spirit. The tone of the book, too, is uniformly pure and high, and that will be a great recommendation of it to many tastes in this community. On the whole, with little errors, and some bad habits in the style, it does him much credit, though it be the age of steam it appears in; the more, rather, on that account.

Mr. Clinch is an "older soldier." He has been longer before the public, and written more. His compositions exhibit a degree of maturity corresponding with this experience, together with a polish which is not always, though it always should be, another of the effects of the same cause. On this score Mr. Clinch deserves much credit, in fact; and there are so much crudeness and carelessness, of material and manner, in the poetry, and indeed in the publications, generally, of the day, that we consider it the more worthy of both notice and praise. The poem, which gives its name to the volume, will be read with satisfaction by the classical as well as the poetical fraternity. Several other pieces in the collection please us, and the shorter ones have the advantage of additional spirit and feeling. Among these may be mentioned "Memory" and "By-Gone-Days;" a class of subjects, we apprehend, more congenial to the author's mind and heart than such as "Athens." Generally, indeed, we would have these foreign themes eschewed, rather than courted so much as they are.

In Mr. Congdon's volume there is much modest merit, of a kind which prepossesses us in his favor, and makes us hope that he may publish again—at some time or other. This qualification must not offend him. He will himself see clearly enough the deficiencies and crudities of the present collection in due time; we venture to say, long before Horace would have bound him to do so. These faults need not be particularized; they are those, generally, of a young writer, and time and labour—the more, the better, of both—will be their only sure corrective. Meanwhile, some pieces exhibit a degree of maturity, both in mind and style, which we scarcely expected;—the stanzas for example, "To the Old Year."

TWO DISCOURSES *Preached before the First Congregational Society in Medford; one upon leaving the Old Church, and one at the Dedication of the New.* By Caleb Stetson, Minister of the Society. 1840. pp. 60. 8vo.

THE last of these discourses we noticed in our account of the dedication at Medford. The subject on leaving the old house grew directly from the occasion, and was founded on the words of David, 1 Chronicles xvii. 1. "Now it came to pass, as David sat in his house, that he said to Nathan, the prophet, Lo! I dwell in a house of cedars, but the ark of the covenant of the Lord remaineth under curtains." Mr. Stetson begins with shewing how natural is the feeling, that we ought not ourselves to dwell in spacious and costly mansions, while we leave the house of God a mean and unsightly tabernacle. From this he passes to an extended view of the civil and ecclesiastical history of Medford—a plantation begun the same year as Boston, 1630; yet, for some reason unknown, with no organized church or settled ministry for more than eighty years. The first preacher who seems to have been fixed there, was *Benjamin Woodbridge*, who went in 1698, and preached ten years, though not ordained. The first regular minister was *Aaron Porter*, ordained in 1713, when a church was organised. Mr. Porter died in 1722, and was succeeded by *Ebenezer Turell* in 1724. His ministry extended to 54 years, and before his death *David Osgood* was settled as colleague with him, in 1774. His ministry also was long, extending to 1822; when he died. Of his character and influence Mr. Stetson says much in high encomium. He was indeed an uncommon man, and the memory of him will not soon pass away. Dr. Osgood was succeeded by *Andrew Bigelow*, now of Taunton, settled in 1823; and the present pastor was ordained in 1827. The discourse closes with appropriate thoughts on taking leave of a house so venerable, and hallowed by so many sacred and tender associations. The second discourse, "on public worship," will, from the nature of the subject, have more interest for general readers, and the manner in which the several topics are discussed entitles it to a careful perusal.

CHRISTIANITY THE BASIS OF TRUE PHILANTHROPY. *A Discourse delivered at [on] the Fourth Anniversary of the Warren Street Chapel, January 26, 1840. By Thomas B. Fox, Pastor of the First Religious Society in Newburyport.* Boston: 1840. pp. 16, 12mo.

THE Warren Street Chapel, though not under the charge of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, is devoted to the same great purposes with the other chapels built for the ministry-at-large—the instruction and elevation of the neglected in our community. Mr. Barnard, the minister of this chapel, has however laboured with a special view to the benefit of the children of the poor, and to them his Sunday services have been particularly addressed.

Mr. Fox's discourse is plain and sensible. Making a very happy use of the passage from which his text is taken—the healing of the lame man at the gate of the temple, related in the third chapter of the Acts,—“Man,” he says, “lies on the earth, the beautiful gate of the celestial temple, lame and weak, asking with all the eloquence of suffering for succour and help. How shall he be rescued and restored? How shall he be raised up and made to enter the temple walking, leaping and praising God? Even as of old. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, is he to be lifted up and made whole—to receive light and strength, and be sent rejoicing on his heavenward way.” Having thus introduced his subject, he proceeds “to show that certain truths of Christianity are those to which we must look for all energetic, persevering, and victorious efforts for the reformation of society and the regeneration of man.” The evils which oppress mankind he attributes, “mainly, either to the triumph of the animal over the spiritual nature or to ignorance.” To contend successfully with these evils, it is necessary to have faith in “the worth of the soul—the value of the immortal spirit,” and in “the doctrine of the human brotherhood.” But these “truths, which animate genuine benevolence, are those taught and enforced in the Gospel.” From the nature of “the process by which humanity is to be redeemed from suffering” Mr. Fox, also, infers that “education is the great instrument of reform,”—education which uses various methods, and which “attends to the body, as well as to the mind, to the mind as well as to the heart.” The

institution on whose account the discourse was delivered, is thus shown to have claims upon "the prayers, good wishes, and personal services of those who may have neither silver nor gold to bestow."—The outline which we have given is well filled up within the brief space to which the preacher confined himself.

A DISCOURSE *Preached at the Dedication of the Suffolk Street Chapel, February 5, 1840. By John T. Sargent, Pastor of the Chapel.* Boston: B. H. Greene. pp. 20, 8vo.

WE like Mr. Sargent's discourse at the opening of his new chapel. If it were longer, or entered more into a discussion of important truths, we might like it better; but it is strictly appropriate, sound in doctrine, and, with one or two exceptions, correct and choice in language. It speaks of "the suggestive influence of the meeting-house," considered as "the outward sign of the religious spirit," and then passes on to a particular notice of the *free* chapels which within the last few years have been erected for the use of the ministry-at-large. His own chapel he dedicates to God, "the only living and true," to "Christ our Lord and Saviour," to "all the influence which enlightens, sanctifies and saves—the holy spirit, full of grace and truth," to "the great cause of human brotherhood," and to "liberty," for "this chapel is in every sense of the word a free chapel." He then alludes to the "fraternity by whose effort and sympathy it has been erected," and referring to the exchange of the humble "upper room" in which he and his people had previously worshipped, for the substantial edifice in which their future services would be held, closes with the expression of a hope, that "if by some curious after-generation the inscription beneath the corner-stone of this structure be raised or reviewed, it may still appear untarnished, and while it shows upon its face these solemn words—'To the edification, instruction, and salvation of man; to the building up of virtue, truth and holiness in the human soul,' so may then the past history of this edifice prove its fidelity to these glorious objects."

We have intimated that there are one or two exceptions to the general purity of Mr. Sargent's style; but we should not notice them,

if they were not examples of a carelessness so common that it needs to be pointed out. The first occurs at the commencement of the sermon, where it is said that religion "may avail of the outward;" the idiom of the expression requires *itself* after *avail*, and the omission of the pronoun is an inelegance, which every good writer should avoid;—the error in this instance may be the printer's. But in another case the fault, we fear, belongs to the author; who speaks of the spires of our meeting-houses as "tall scattered beacons," and of the free chapels as "lifting no pinnacles for a beacon light." It is a common, but an inaccurate use of the figure, when a beacon is thus presumed to be an object of attraction. The purpose of a *beacon light* is to spread an alarm, or to warn the mariner against the perils of an approach to land. The criticism is not very important, but we believe it is sound.

AN ADDRESS *Delivered at the Berry Street Church, before the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, March 1, 1840. By William Howe.* Boston: 1840. pp. 22, 12mo.

THE Society for the Prevention of Pauperism is in its design one of the most admirable institutions of our city. Its efficiency has not equalled our expectations,—principally, as we hope, from a want of pecuniary means sufficient to enable the Managers to employ a suitable number of agents. Their efforts the past year appear to have been confined to the support of an office where the needy or friendless might be directed to places of employment, and to the maintenance of such a system of concert among our various benevolent societies as might prevent successful attempts at imposition on the part of applicants for charity. More than this, much more, they ought to have the power of doing, and no one who considers the immense importance, in every point of view—financial, social and moral, of *preventing* pauperism, can hesitate, we think, to pay the small annual subscription of two dollars. The name, not only of every wealthy, but of every sober and industrious citizen of Boston should be found on the list of this Society. It is good economy, to sustain such an institution.

Mr. Howe's Address is to the purpose. Without embellishment or much skill in the use of language, it exhibits some of the causes and effects of poverty in a city in such a manner as cannot but make an impression on the reader, and shows the efficacy of remedial measures when wisely pursued. One fact alone is enough to call attention to the subject;—"it has been estimated," says Mr. Howe, "that there are now about five hundred *vagrant* children in this city, who attend no school." And one of the counsels which he gives, would, by itself, prevent much evil;—"in no instance whatever should we give from our doors to a common street beggar. I do not say that aid is not needed, but their peculiar wants demand something of more value than what they would be likely to receive from your doors. Your personal presence, or the kind offices of some one connected with this office, is first needed." This principle of intercourse with the poor and wretched lies at the foundation of Christian benevolence.

THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. *Translated from the French of J. E. Cellerier, Jr. With Notes and References by a Sunday School Teacher. Second Edition.* Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1840. pp. 254, 12mo.

THIS is a new edition of a book which was favourably noticed in the first number of our journal. The sale of the first edition in so short a time is a proof, both that a work of this kind was wanted, and that this volume has been found capable, in a measure at least, of satisfying such a want. Any thing which increases the interest of young people in the New Testament, or strengthens their confidence in its divine instructions, we cannot but value; and while we must give the first place in Sunday school instruction to that exhibition of truth which immediately connects it with the sensibilities and the will, we are glad to see means provided for training the intellect to a defence of the faith which the lips profess. As the translator justly remarks, "the treatise of Cellerier by no means exhausts the subject;" but to those who have not access to larger works it may be a help, both for personal satisfaction, and in their preparation to teach others.

INTELLIGENCE.

INSTALLATION AT FALL RIVER, MASS.—Rev. Augustus C. L. Arnold was installed Pastor of the First Unitarian Church and Society in Fall River, on Wednesday, March 25, 1840. The exercises were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Stone of West Bridgewater; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Brooks of Newport, R. I.; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Bigelow of Taunton; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Farley of Providence, R. I.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Providence; Fellowship of the Churches, by Rev. Mr. Briggs of Plymouth, late pastor of the church; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Farley of Providence; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Peabody of New Bedford.

The sermon was from Matt. x. 7: "And as ye go, preach." The office of the minister of the Gospel is, to preach—proclaim, its great and eternal truths, motives, duties, sanctions. This was the main topic of the discourse, in the course of which Mr. Bigelow enforced some of the peculiar advantages with which Unitarian views of Christianity furnish the preacher in presenting the Gospel to the intelligent and free mind; and animadverted with great plainness of speech upon the Calvinistic errors of doctrine, and some of the prominent "Orthodox" measures.

Religious services were held in the church on the evening previous to the installation, and on the evening following. On the former evening Mr. Briggs of Plymouth preached; and on the latter, Mr. Peabody of New Bedford.

The services were all well attended; and we are glad to learn that the state of feeling in the society is harmonious, and its general prosperity encouraging. After being long deprived of a stated ministry, and having passed through a severe struggle with many embarrassments, it is a circumstance of special congratulation, that a new pastor is given to their hopes and wishes, and their embarrassments are almost wholly removed. Mr. Arnold has been connected with the Universalist denomination, and was recently the pastor of a Universalist society at Essex, Mass.; but our views of the Gospel had approved themselves to his convictions by a more thorough investigation of the sacred records. We welcome him to his new relations to our religious communion.

INSTALLATION AT DOVER, N. H.—Rev. John Parkman, late minister of the Unitarian Society in Greenfield, Mass., was installed as pastor of the First Unitarian Church and Society in Dover, N. H. on Wednesday, April 22, 1840. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Thomas of Concord, N. H.; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Gannett

of Boston, Mass.; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Pierpont of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Osgood of Nashua, N. H.; Address to the People, by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Fox of Newburyport, Mass.

The preacher took for his text the words of John i. 9: "The true light, which lighteth every man." The main object of the discourse was, to show that the doctrines of Christianity which are held in common by all sects—its undisputed truths are the essential articles of faith, in which resides the power of the Gospel. This was shown, first affirmatively, by an exhibition of the principal points of Christian belief, viz. the existence of God, the fact of a Divine revelation, the character of Christ, the importance of goodness, its nature, and the immortality of man; and negatively, by a comparison of the popular theology with Unitarian views, for the purpose both of presenting the precise difference between them, and of justifying the conclusion that the peculiar tenets of Orthodoxy cannot claim an equal importance with the undeniable revelations of Christianity; the points selected for this comparison being the nature of God, or of Jesus Christ (as identified by the Trinitarian, but by the Unitarian regarded as Creator and creature), the nature of man, the atonement, conversion, the character of the Bible, and the nature of retribution. The sermon was closed with a notice of the unfairness—as manifest from the previous discussion—of some of the current objections to Unitarian Christianity.—The Charge presented to the minister the duty of regarding his responsibility to his own heart and to God, of being faithful and free—free, that he might be faithful, of considering the end of his ministry—to turn man from sin; in effecting which he must carry on a warfare, and therefore should be provided with both offensive and defensive armour;—offensive, the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God, and with which he must strike at sin, not at the sinner—at live sins, not the ghosts of dead ones—above all, at covetousness, the great sin of our times; defensive, the shield of faith, in the use of which he would escape the fear of man, putting his trust in God; continually attending to the wants of his people—their spiritual wants, that he might at last present them with himself before the Lord, in the white robes of righteousness.—The Right Hand of Fellowship insisted on the joys of the ministerial service, urged the maintenance of a hopeful spirit, and alluded to the large number who from the same collegiate class with the speaker and the friend whom he addressed had entered upon the ministry, and the variety of religious denominations with which they were connected.—The Address to the People enjoined upon them the culture of a spirit of reverence and its manifestation in faithful attendance upon the institutions of public worship, zealous cooperation with their minister, generous confidence in him, and care to avoid the imposition of unjust restraint upon his spirit.

In the evening, religious services were again attended, and Rev. Mr. Pierpont preached from 2 Corinthians xi. 3: "I fear, lest by any means your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ;"—on the comparative merit of the two systems, the Orthodox and the Liberal, on the score of sim-

plicity. Mr. Pierpont recovered his manuscripts, which by some mistake were taken from the railroad car at a wrong depot, before the commencement of the evening service, but his Charge was from necessity extemporaneous, and therefore the more remarkable for its arrangement of thought and terseness of expression.

BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.—This admirable institution celebrated its sixth anniversary on the evening of Fast Day, April 2, 1840. The exercises were held in the Federal Street Congregational meetinghouse. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H. The Annual Report was read by the Secretary, Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston. It presented a distinct view of the condition of the ministry-at-large in this city, and contained large extracts from the semi-annual reports of the ministers to the Executive Committee. After a respectful notice of Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, and the expression of regret that his enfeebled health had compelled him to leave home for the warmer climate of Cuba, the Report spoke of the completion of the Suffolk Street Chapel, of the retirement of Rev. F. T. Gray from the ministry-at-large in consequence of an invitation to another field of labour, of the establishment of Rev. R. C. Waterston in his place, and of the aid which the Fraternity had received by the grant of the late Society for the Promotion of Christianity in India, whose funds, amounting to about \$6000, were before the dissolution of the Society transferred by vote of the members to the Benevolent Fraternity, for the purpose of paying off the debt incurred in the erection of the chapels. It then, in the language of the ministers-at-large, exhibited the nature and amount of their services, showing not only that they were diligently engaged in their work, but that the attendance upon their ministrations was large and constant, and came chiefly from the class whom this ministry was designed to benefit; the Pitts Street Chapel being full, and the congregation at the Suffolk Street Chapel having increased since it was opened. An argument of the minister of this chapel in favour of the admission of others than the poor to seats in the house, so long as they exclude none of those for whose benefit it was specially intended, was also introduced. The Report then glanced at the future wants of the institution, spoke of the justice of allowing larger salaries to those who gave their whole time to its service, named \$3000 as the sum which would be needed the next year, and closed with a brief notice of similar endeavours in behalf of neglected and debased humanity, in England, and in this country—in Cincinnati.

After the reading of the Report, the meeting was addressed by Francis O. Watts, Esq., Rev. Mr. Bartol, and George B. Emerson, Esq., of Boston; Prof. H. Ware, jr., of Cambridge, and Rev. Mr. Gannett of Boston. Mr. Watts noticed the origin and growth of the institution, and spoke of its peculiar claims to the support of Unitarians, whose neglect of some other manifestations of the religious sentiment, he thought, made it more important that they should sustain this form of Christian action, the results of which thus far had fully justified the hopes of its friends. Mr. Bartol exhibited what he considered the principle of the ministry-

at-large, viz. to christianize the ungathered poor in cities, by the charity of the more favoured churches; showing the force which should be allowed to each of these words. Mr. Emerson avowed his strong interest in the object of the ministry, and in the reports of the ministers, his satisfaction with the fruits of their labours, and his final concurrence in the appropriation of the funds of the India Society to this purpose. Mr. Ware briefly enforced the principle, that it is the Gospel alone which will raise the poor. Mr. Gannett drew attention to the call made in the Report for an increase of subscriptions. The meeting was then closed with singing.

We have styled this an admirable institution. Such it appears to us to be, both in its design and in its plan. Its design was well expressed by Mr. Bartol—to christianize the ungathered poor of our city by means of religious teachers sustained in their ministry by the contributions and sympathies of the more favoured congregations; its plan is merely the practical exhibition of the idea of union among these congregations for this purpose, and for no other. We see not how any possible evil can arise from such a union; and scarcely less difficult is it, to believe that some good, and probably much, must not be the result. We wish therefore that all the churches of our denomination in this city might connect themselves with the Fraternity, and we hope, that notwithstanding the pressure of the times, the subscriptions of the present year will reach the amount which justice seems to require that the Committee should have at their disposal.

The Delegates from the several branches of the Fraternity are chosen annually on Fast Day. These compose the Central Board, who on Sunday evening, April 12, chose for Officers, who constitute the Executive Committee for the present year;—Samuel Greele, Esq., President; Rev. S. K. Lothrop, Secretary; Mr. Elijah Cobb, Treasurer; Hon. Richard Sullivan and Rev. Alexander Young.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.—The anniversaries which are celebrated in this city in the last week of May, and which call together numbers, particularly of the clergy, from other parts of the Commonwealth and from other States, will recur before the publication of our next number. On Tuesday evening the American Unitarian Association will hold a public meeting in the Federal Street meetinghouse; on Wednesday morning the Berry Street Conference will be in session; on Wednesday evening the Sunday School Society will celebrate their anniversary in the Federal Street meetinghouse; on Thursday the Convention Sermon will be preached in Brattle Street Church, by Rev. Leonard Withington of Newbury, Dr. Walker, who was chosen First Preacher, having ceased to be a member of the Convention in consequence of his removal to the chair of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge. For the two last years the Book and Pamphlet Society have had their annual sermon on Thursday evening of this week, but the attendance has been small, as many from the country have then returned to their homes, and the people in this city are wearied with the multiplication of meetings. The previous Sunday evening, it appears to us, would be a much better time for this service.

REVIVALS.—The various religious journals which we see, continue to give accounts of the spread of *revivals* in different parts of the country. The New York Observer presents a "statement of the recent additions to the (eighteen) Presbyterian churches in that city," adding the remark that "many more will doubtless be received into communion with the various churches as fruits of the present revival." The largest number in any one church is 92, but in two or three other instances nearly 50; the whole number being nearly 500. In Philadelphia a computation of the number of persons admitted into the (sixteen) Presbyterian churches as "the fruits of the revival in that city" up to the early part of April, gave 671 as the result, the largest number in any one church being 99. "190 had also been recently confirmed in two of the Episcopal churches." In Baltimore the Lutheran Observer gives as "the aggregate of the additions to the (twenty-eight) different churches since the commencement of the revival there, a little more than three thousand;" two thousand of which are assigned to the fourteen or fifteen Methodist Episcopal churches, and of the rest the largest number, 210, were added to one of the Baptist churches, and the next largest, 122, to an Episcopalian church. In Cleaveland, Ohio, 502 have been admitted to five churches, "about 180 of whom were examined for admission into the Presbyterian church." In Boston, the interest in religious meetings appears to increase. At the laying of the corner-stone of the new Baptist meetinghouse in Bowdoin-square, in this city, "to be erected chiefly by the voluntary contributions of members of the different Baptist congregations, for the use of a church yet to be formed, and a congregation yet to be assembled," the plate deposited beneath the stone bore this inscription—"Laid April 9, 1840. A year distinguished by an unparalleled revival of religion throughout the U. S." So far as our own observation extends, we are confirmed in the opinion that the present excitement has less of an objectionable character than usual. From a communication which we have received from a friend it appears, however, that of some places this remark, unhappily, is not true. The following letter was written in the neighbourhood of New York.

"In the last Miscellany I perceive it stated, that the "Revivals" now in progress are attended by fewer improper and unchristian measures, than usual. The remark in relation to your neighbourhood I may not dispute—in mine it cannot be sustained a moment. Nearly all the worst features of the system are put forward here.

1. The denunciation of other sects. Unitarians, Universalists, and sometimes Episcopalians have been denounced—their views caricatured—their perdition confidently predicted. A young Unitarian felt obliged to rise at one of a certain celebrated Elder Knapp's meetings, and interrupt the torrent of invective directed against his views, by saying, that nearly every statement had been false. The Universalists have been obliged to hold public lectures in self-defence from these gratuitous attacks.

2. The admission of very young children into the church. The first Sunday of April was commemorated in one church near me, I am told, by the admission of some thirty children, some no more than eight years of age, all of them perhaps not that. It is not their commemorating the death of Jesus I condemn

—no; God forbid!—I would invite them to it. But the long creed, the renunciation of all amusements, the transient and feverish excitement, the hypocrisy following upon it, and at last the tenfold open vice teach us to fear for the ark of the Lord when such measures are used to sustain it.

3. And then, the subsequent speedy expulsion of many—some for crimes detailed to the public in recent police reports—are a sad proof that the Lord is not in the lightning and the earthquake. Some converts last not more than a month or two after the unusual meetings are suspended, and then they fall “never to rise again”—fall with such an explosion, as far more to injure the holy cause of religion than an army of such professors could promote it. I find them generally endeavouring to attract as much attention in the second state as in the first—vociferating as loudly concerning the hollowness of all holy professions, as in the prayer meeting they boasted their joy and triumph.

4. Not to weary you;—a fourth objectionable feature is, that the revivals around here supplant the regular pastor, and his rightful influence, gentle and constant as the dews of heaven. In New York the principal labourers have been Messrs. Kirk and Knapp; they have superseded all other ministering angels. Each after his peculiar way, they are at the head and front of the present religious movement. Now, one that cares any thing in his heart for Christian institutions, cannot fail to deplore this weakening of the hands and interrupting the administrations and throwing into the shade the exercises of the regular pastor. The regular devotions and meditations must seem very tedious and lifeless after the storm has gone by. The regular sermon prepared from week to week must appear empty and inefficient after discourses repeated, memoriter, with theatrical action and oratorical display for the hundredth time; each new trial adding something to the body or polish or pungency or wit of the discourse.”

A GOOD MOVEMENT IN LOUISVILLE.—At a meeting of the Unitarian Society in Louisville, Kentucky, on the 1st of April, an association was formed, under the title of the “Louisville Unitarian Association for the extension of Christian Knowledge,” the objects of which are declared to be, “to assist in sustaining a General Agent for the West, and a School for Western Preachers.” The Constitution requires the payment of one dollar annually as a condition of membership, and prescribes as “the duty of the Board of Managers, as soon as convenient, to form a depository of books and pamphlets from which the members of the Society may be supplied with works for use and circulation.” In a private letter it is stated:—“Our object is to get up an annual subscription of five or six hundred dollars among our Western societies towards the support of a Western Agent. With this we wish a Theological School to be connected, so that the Agent with the assistance of the preacher where he is placed may act as Professors in the School. Students will, in such a case, not be wanting. We are in earnest about this business, and mean to start our Theological School at once, in Cincinnati, Louisville, or St. Louis.”

INTELLIGENCE FROM QUINCY, ILLINOIS.—Mr. Huntington, whose efforts the last winter to raise money in New England for the building of churches in the West are known to most of our readers, has returned to his labours there. Mr. Briggs has received a letter from him, dated at Quincy, March 23, from which we are permitted to take the following intelligence.

"We left home the 18th ult., and arrived here without accident, on Saturday the 7th inst. Had a meeting in the Court House the next day, and a crowded room. The following Wednesday evening gave a lecture, which was well attended. This exercise is to be kept up, on the Thursday evenings. We have also had the usual services on the two sabbaths since the first;—a growing interest seems to be manifested in our meetings.

There has been an extraordinary excitement here, on the subject of religion. Meetings have been protracted through a period of now nearly six weeks. The Congregational (Orthodox) church began the series; the Methodist followed; the Baptist succeeded; next the Mormon, whose meetings were more crowded than any other; then came the Presbyterian; and to-day the Episcopal church commences with three services. Three religious services have been held in each of these societies every day in the week, during the time of its protracted meeting. It is said that the Christian and the Campbellite churches are to have their turn, too. Besides the above, there is a Universalist, and a German Lutheran church in this town; and two Roman Catholic (German and Irish;) each of which two last has a brick chapel about half built. These churches, together with our own, comprehend a population of about 2,000 souls. If the spirit of proselyting were only moderately active among us, it is obvious, that with *eleven* religious societies, several of which have resident preachers, there are likely to be very few in our community not attached to one or another of these. Indeed, such is the case at present.

Our church have "no certain dwelling-place" as yet. We meet now in one place, then in another. We Unitarians are pilgrims and strangers in the land. Oh! that we had a little sanctuary of our own, though it were only a hovel. But money is very scarce, here; there has been, and still is, great commercial distress throughout the West. Our society have lately held a meeting on the subject of building. With \$500 in cash from other quarters, they would immediately undertake to build a small, plain chapel; but without such a start, none of us would think it advisable to break ground. Our society is made up of young men of sterling merit, but they are all poor. It has received some valuable accessions by immigration, since I was last here. I have found a young man here of great promise, whom I have persuaded to commence the study of theology."

TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.—Surprising accounts have been published of the success which has attended the labours of temperance agents in Ireland. Hundreds and thousands, with characteristic eagerness, have rushed to take the pledge—"at Cartleamer 15,000 persons in two days;" and although at the

moment they may have been in a state of intoxication "for the last time," the lapse of two or three months has only shown the steadfastness of their purpose. "It is impossible," says the London Globe, "to shut one's eyes to the great moral revolution now in course of being effected throughout the Southern parts of Ireland, through the agency of Rev. T. Matthew. It is stated that nearly a million of individuals have taken the temperance pledge at his hands, and that a case of relapse is rarely, if ever, met with." The Roman Catholic clergy have manifested a strong interest in the subject. The Waterford Chronicle of January 28 observes, that "the Society of which the great apostle of temperance, Rev. Mr. Matthew, is President, numbers already considerably over half a million of souls. In a short period it is supposed that the greater portion of the South of Ireland will have become *temperancised*"—a new word, by the way. Mr. Delavan of New York says, under date of March 21, "Later statements give the number as *one million*, and not an instance yet known of backsliding." The effects are such as justify confidence in the sincerity and stability of the converts to abstinence from intoxicating drink. The deposits in the Limerick Savings Bank, it is stated, "have nearly quadrupled in three months." In Cork "not a drunken person was seen in a fortnight." At Waterford quarter sessions, "the chief magistrate congratulated the grand jury upon the absence of crime in the city since the visit of Rev. Father Matthew." Should this change in the habits of the Irish peasantry be permanent, it must give a new aspect to the condition of that unhappy country; we can hardly set bounds to the hopes that may be indulged.

NEW UNITARIAN CHAPEL IN BELFAST, IRELAND.—We copy the following article of intelligence from the Bible Christian.

"The want of a third place of worship, designed for the use of those Unitarian churches who are not possessed of regular accommodation in either the first or second congregation having been for some time felt, a few public spirited gentlemen resident in the town and neighbourhood entered into a subscription in order to procure a meetinghouse for that purpose; and having concluded an agreement for the purchase of one in York street, it was opened for the public worship of God upon the principles of Christian Unitarianism on Sunday, 5th of January 1840. On this deeply interesting occasion, Rev. Dr. Montgomery preached to a highly respectable auditory one of the most able and argumentative discourses ever delivered in Belfast, in explanation and defence of the principles of religious liberty and of Christian doctrine professed by the Unitarian body. On the Sunday following Rev. James Carley officiated to a congregation nearly as numerous as had attended at the opening of the chapel, and the services have since been carried on with every prospect of usefulness and success."

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, YORK.—The Christian Reformer gives the following information.

"At a special general meeting of Trustees, held at Cross street chapel rooms in Manchester, on Friday, 20th Dec. 1839, after a full discussion, the decision of the Trustees was in favour of a removal of the College to Manchester as its future site."

THE JEWS IN SYRIA.—Dr. Bowring, in his "Sketches of Oriental Religions" in the Christian Reformer, has given a long, but interesting account of the Jews who may now be found in the Holy Land and the other parts of modern Syria. We omit many passages, that we may reduce the length of our extracts.

"When I left Egypt, accompanied by a distinguished Bey of that country, a Jew of Aleppo was his Dragoman, and from him I had often opportunities of learning particulars of the state of his nation in Syria. He was not without instruction. He spoke Turkish and Arabic, Italian and French. He had seen much of the world, and was a fair representative of the Jewish population. Cunning, under the cloak of simplicity—intriguing, though seemingly sincere—sensual, but desirous of being thought indifferent to personal enjoyment—and withal strongly attached to his creed and people, proud of their history and of their hopes.

"If I were to judge from Joseph's language, I should say that the bitterer and stronger antipathy of the Jews was rather directed against the Christians than the Mahometans. Though there is a more elevated notion of Christian civilization, yet the religious rites and creeds of the Mussulman more closely resemble those of the Jews. Circumcision—the belief in the Divine Unity—a common reverence for the names and characters of the Patriarchs—create associations from which Christians are for the most part excluded. Christians, too, have, on the whole, been more coarse and violent in their persecution of the Jews. They have tormented them as if they had a personal quarrel with all and every individual member of the nation, who have been treated as if each had personally participated in the crime of the crucifixion. To the contempt with which the Mussulman regards all infidelity, all resistance to Islamism, the Christian has added a hatred and a malevolence peculiarly his own.

"The first place in Syria where I saw any thing like an outward profession of Judaism, was Antioch. It is, however, only since the invasion of Syria by the Egyptians, that any Jews, or any considerable number of them, have inhabited Antioch. It was under the Turkish authorities one of the most fanatical cities in the East,—Mussulmans and Christians both agreeing to persecute the Hebrews. But the Jews have come in for a liberal portion of that toleration whose benefits have mainly fallen upon the Christians. A few instances, but very few, of converts to Mahomedanism have occurred among the Jews—far less in proportion than among the Christians—though the step from Judaism to Islamism seems far less marked than from Christianity to the recognition of the Koran. A still smaller number of cases have I heard of, where Jews have adopted the religion of Jesus. In Syria, their faith seems to wax stronger, surrounded as they are with the historical associations, with the scenery, with the traditions of their Holy Books. Their pride is involved with their convictions, in fidelity to their creed. There is a small body of Jews at Tripoli, in Syria, who have a synagogue of humble pretensions. There are also a number of Jews settled at Lattakia, the ancient Laodicea. They are petty merchants and traders, but the commerce of the place is by no means considerable.

At Aleppo, I had myself an opportunity of judging of the condition and of the manner of life among the more opulent Jews, being received into their families, introduced to their women, and frequently finding occasion to talk with them of their past and present history. A few particulars respecting one Jewish household may give some correct notions as to the rest, though that of which I am about to speak is undoubtedly the most opulent of Aleppo. Being invited at an hour fixed by my host, I was met at the entrance of the house by several servants clad in the long Syrian robes—the body-garment of silk, the exterior of woollens—with the wide sash and the large turban, whose shawl is

required to be of a sombre hue. At the inner door the host came to welcome me, in a European costume, except that a handsome furred pelisse was the outer covering. After the ordinary salutations—'Peace be with you,' 'And may God increase your prosperity,'—I was led into a room paved with tessellated marble, on an elevated part of which, covered with mats, was the divan. There sat in the corner, crouched in the usual Oriental manner, a lady covered with an immense quantity of diamonds. She was the mistress of the house, the mother of the family. The jewels which adorned her person were of the value of many thousands of pounds sterling. An immense quantity of small gold coins hung from her hair and fell on her shoulders, tinkling at every movement; the garments were richly embroidered with gold, and round her waist was a costly Cashmere shawl. Her eyebrows had been obviously stained with kohl, and her finger-nails reddened with henna. She was smoking the Syrian pipe, called the *Shisheh*, in which a sort of tobacco (the *Timbac*, principally produced in Persia) is burned, and its fumes inhaled after passing through water, which is held in a cocoa-nut-shell, ornamented with silver. The lady waved her hand and bade me welcome; and soon some young maidens, mounted on a sort of high wooden pattens, called *kabkabs*, which they left when they reached the matting, entered, prettily attired, bringing pipes, coffee, sweetmeats and sherbet in succession. I have seldom seen handsomer faces than had these young Jewish maidens. They were the children of the family, and no higher honour can be done to a guest than that they should be in attendance as waiters—there being a succession of servants to wait upon them. Other ladies were introduced: those who bore the maternal dignities seated themselves on the divan, and were provided with the odorous *shisheh*. Conversation became animated; inquiries were made about Europe and England and Englishmen, but far more anxious inquiries about English women; and I found that of all the fair auditory there was not one who had ever quitted Aleppo.

"Besides the holy cities, there are in Syria many spots which are the objects of great veneration among the Jews—spots which they visit on stated days, and frequently perform in them some religious ceremonies. I was told by one of their nation that there is, at a distance of some miles from Aleppo, a solitary place which is resorted to on a particular holiday by all the Hebrews in the district. It is known by the name of Ezra's house, and is averred to be the place where he composed his inspired writings. I did not visit the spot, but was given to understand it was not willingly shewn to strangers. Ezra is one of the prophets who is regarded by the Jews with particular veneration. He did great service in collecting MSS. and purifying the text of Holy Writ—he popularized the Bible—and to him it is well known many spurious or apocryphal books have been attributed.

"Damascus stands where it stood in Abraham's time,—perhaps the most ancient, certainly one of the most interesting cities in the world. Lovely in position—renowned in the Old, distinguished in the New Testament—a holy city among the Mahometans—the seat of romance and poetry—still Damascus stands in unchanged—and, if the word may be allowable with reference to any thing earthly, it may here at least be blamelessly employed,—Damascus stands in *unchangeable* beauty. The fierce spirit of its inhabitants, once so fanatical, has been moderated by a more tolerant and gentle influence. Jews and Christians mingle without mutual abhorrence, and our Dragoman, Joseph the Jew, was the guest of one of the most distinguished authorities of the city.—Many of the Damascus Jews carry on an extensive commerce in foreign merchandize; they trade with Great Britain and with the ports of France and Italy. Among them are some of the richest men in Syria, possessing from one to two millions of piastres, of which one hundred make a pound sterling. They deal largely with the caravans which arrive from Mesopotamia, Persia and all the regions of the East. Some of them traffic with the Arabs of the desert. In Damascus and Aleppo, commerce has much of a primitive and patriarchal character.

Multitudes of camels, asses and trading travellers arrive,—deposit their merchandise in the great khans or receptacles of the city,—and when their commodities are sold or exchanged, they depart in a body to the places of their destination.

At a few miles from Damascus is the village of Djobar, which is entirely peopled by Jews. We were nearly two hours on horseback before we could find the place, which is prettily situated on a green fertile spot, forming part indeed of that delicious girdle, called the Garden, which surrounds Damascus. The inhabitants are about a thousand, and seemed in a tolerably prosperous state. It is the only instance I have ever met with of a population wholly Hebrew—governed, as are most of Oriental villages, by local institutions of their own, and having their little hierarchy of rulers and subjects, undisturbed by the molestations of any intruders but those of lawless violence. Indeed, some robberies had lately taken place: they had been visited, they said, by the wandering Arabs, who had broken into their synagogue, carried away their garments and utensils, but left what *they* valued most and the Arabs least—their copies of the Pentateuch and other Holy Books. The synagogue of Djobar is deemed of great sanctity; it is built over the cave in which, as they contend, Elijah was fed by the ravens. The building is quite modern, and was erected only three or four years ago, on the site of a more ancient edifice which had fallen into decay. They possessed a few Hebrew MSS. and a very handsome MS. copy of the Old Testament on a roll, kept in a silver case, which they opened for my inspection, and which, though apparently not of the highest, was of considerable antiquity.

“There was a colony of opulent Jews settled at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, a place famous for its baths, and naturally of great interest from its connexion with the narratives of the New Testament. A few years ago the town was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, and was abandoned by most of its population, and few or no Jews now inhabit it. A similar desolation has overtaken the ancient Saphet, one of the few places whose population consisted wholly of Jews. Like Antioch and many other of the cities of Syria, a succession of earthquakes has thrown down all that remained of the past; and the last earthquake was so overwhelming that the spot was wholly left, though perhaps, next to Jerusalem, the spot of all others the most dear to the Jews.

In Jerusalem itself there are from two to three thousand Jews. Few among them are wealthy. They are for the most part Europeans, who have come to terminate their earthly pilgrimage in the prophetic land. Many of them, particularly of the Polish race, have married Jewish women of Palestine, and their descendants will be nationalized in the country. The number of foreign Jewish settlers in Judæa is increasing from year to year, though they bring not with them either wealth or influence. Divorce is of easy attainment, and their marriages are frequently broken, though it is said during the period of its subsistence they exhibit fidelity to the marital vow. Their synagogue in Jerusalem is a mean structure, and there is so little trade or manufacture that there are no means of amassing wealth. The Jews settled on the coast have more opportunities of embarking in commerce. There is a small community, consisting of perhaps two hundred, at Sidon, where they have a synagogue; and at Tyre (Sour) there are also a few Hebrew families. There are at Jaffa a greater number still, but most of all at Beyrout—the most flourishing sea-port in Syria, where the Jews have enjoyed, and enjoy, a portion of the general prosperity.

I am not aware that any thing peculiar characterizes the ritual of the Syrian Jews. Circumcision is a ceremony accompanied with much rejoicing, and is generally performed in the synagogues. The marriages of the Jews are celebrated in their private houses, and with a considerable outlay of money for bridal garments and domestic feastings. But in both these observances there is a remarkable resemblance between the Mahometan and the Jewish rites. The Purim (like the Passover) is a thoroughly national festival, and the old

traditions which associate its observance with great excesses are but too faithfully adhered to. I have observed that the Jews in all parts of the world delight to linger on such parts of their history as connect them with sovereignty and empire. To have been great in the persons of ancestors, flatters the pride and consoles for the humiliations of the poor and lowly; and there is no Jew so poor and lowly as not to fancy that some portion of the regal glory of Esther and of the triumph of Mordecai is reflected on his whole nation as well as on his own humble name. In Syria, as throughout the East, the cemeteries of the Jews are neat and carefully watched over; the inscriptions are, I believe, invariably in Hebrew, and now and then (but not frequently) bear some reference to a hope of immortality.—Nothing is more strictly attended to among the Syrian Jews than the veiling of their women. At home, their harems are accessible, and the veils are laid aside; but abroad, I do not remember to have met with an unveiled Jewish woman. In truth, this can hardly be referred to as a Jewish observance, for no native woman, except those of Frank or European families, whatever may be her religion, appears uncovered in public.—The general instruction of the Jews in Syria is about the average instruction of the community there, which is to say, that the best instructed possess nothing but the merest elements of knowledge. Most of them are acquainted with Hebrew; but among the Syrian Jewish women ignorance is deplorable; there are scarcely any who can read or write even the vernacular language.

The most interesting circumstance which presents itself to my mind in recalling what I saw of the Hebrew nation in the East, is the universal diffusion of the love, the undying love, of the Jews for their own Judæa, the Canaan of their fathers. Who could see without emotion thousands of poor Israelites, who from the remotest parts of Europe have made their way—in spite of evil fortune and difficulties and distress—by long and weary pilgrimage—through privations incalculable and sufferings without end—often shoeless and almost clotheless—friendless, penniless—that they might see the City of David and lay their bones in the bosom of Jerusalem! What multitudes are there among them who have sold their last possession,—having gathered together their little, their insufficient all,—and have started, marching towards the rising sun, from the Vistula, the Dnieper and the Danube, on a journey as long as perilous! How many have perished, exhausted, on the way! How many that have landed at Joppa, or crossed the Taurus at Antioch, have been unable from over-exhaustion to reach their longed-for goal! How many have sunk in sight of the Mount of Olives! And how many have closed their eyes in peace and blessedness, when the privilege has been vouchsafed to them of treading within the walls of Salem!"

CORRECTION.—In a preceding page we have spoken of the rapid sale of the first edition of the translation of Cellier's "Authenticity of the New Testament" as a proof of the favour with which it has been received. We have been sorry to learn since that page was printed, that the sale of the volume has been small, instead of large, and that the imprint of "second edition" is in some measure deceptive. We believe that it is not uncommon with publishers to prefix a new title-page to the remainder of an edition which finds a slow sale, but we cannot think it right, and we are not willing to be instrumental in conveying to others the false impression which we had ourselves received.